TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 30 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1889. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 82

Around Town.

One of the most peculiar things of the week was the final expulsion of the Galt heretics from the Presbyterian church by the dismissal of their appeal to the General Assembly. As will be remembered the appellants held and taught the doctrine of perfect holiness and were considered disturbing elements in the church to which they belonged. Their appeals to the Assembly were moderate and almost pathetic. They were willing to remain quiet, to be debarred from teaching in the Sunday school and the prayer meeting, though in an interrogative way they asked if they would be deprived of the privilege of reading the scripture lesson or "taking part in prayer or testimony." They stated their willingness to be called to order by the chair and to be held in check by the church, but their appeals were in vain and their letter read after their expulsion shows a considerably wider Christian spirit than was evinced by the Assembly.

***

I for one cannot understand how a church which holds that a certain portion of mankind was born to be damned and another portion to be saved, can deny the doctrine of holiness. If a man is holy enough to be saved without any effort of his own he is perfectly holy or else Christ is willing outside of the atonement to welcome a man who is unholy. For instance Jones is one of the elect, he has no impulse towards sin, he delights in prayer, good works, and meditating upon the glories of the world to come. It is easy to believe that he is one of the elect because it is evident that he was born with a disposition towards godliness. On the other hand Smith is a riotous liver, profane, blasphemous, dishonest, tyrannical, and altogether unlovely. Surely he cannot be one of the elect? Now, if the Galt people felt that they were of the elect, and felt the pure impulses of those who are fit to be received by their Maker with his "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," it is not wonderful that they thought themselves perfectly holy, and it was but honest that they should urge that belief and preach the possibility of perfect holiness in others. If I believed in the doctrine of predestination and foreordination I should believe myself to be one of the non-elect, for I do not find my spirit always striving after the good but rather in the pursuit of evil. I frankly confess that the good I do is largely in spite of the evil, and that the only good things that are easy are those which appear to give pleasure to others and to leave a pleasurable sensation of having made a sacrifice, within my own heart. This cannot be the feeling of the elect who are born to be angels after a brief probation; it cannot be the everyday sensation of those who have the glorious legacy of election. The ecstacy of the man who was born so perfectly in God's own image and by His eternal decrees was fitted for Heaven without any effort of his own, must be that of divine elation, his ecstacy must be the indescribable afflatus which moves poets to sing of the glories of Heaven and the pitiable meanness of the earth. In a weakly human way the non-elect may rebel and cry aloud that it is unjust that they should be prepared for hell before their birth, but the most merciful feature in the whole arrangement is that no one seems to think that he or she can possibly belong to the non-elect. I never knew a man who believed in the doctrine of foreordination who did not believe that he was one of the few set apart for salvation. If a man believed that he was born to be damned his life would be insupportable, and so it is probably a wise dispensation of Providence—if the doctrine of election be worthy of credence—that everyone should think that he has some small part in the beauties of the world to come, and that there is a room set apart for him in the house of many mansions. If this be true is it not natural that the little section of the Presbyterian church in Galt, feeling doubly certain of their election, should be carried away by their thankfulness that they were born for eternal life and infinite happiness, that their souls should be absorbed by a contemplation of their magnificent inheritance, and that their minds should be filled with unspeakable thankfulness that they are not of the unfortunate many who from the time they were pillowed on their mother's breast were set apart through the uncountable cycles of eternity for the flames which devour and agonize without consuming?

***

It seems to me that the doctrine of perfect holiness is in perfect accord with that of unavoidable damnation, unless we believe that the elect are just as wicked as those who are born for torture. If we do not believe this and are forced to hold that the elect and the non-elect are equally unrighteous, equally unworthy, then how is it possible for our sense of justice to reconcile God's decrees with those of justice? If those set apart for heaven and hell have been so selected that goodness, fitness and a love of Christ's teaching have nothing to do with it, if those whose impulses are towards good are to be damned and those whose impulses as towards bad are to be saved, unless the torture be very severe, hell would be nearly as pleasant a place to spend one's future in as heaven itself, for the society, if this contention be true, would be equally good in both places.

***

I think the fact of the matter is that the Presbyterian Church, though it subscribes to the Confession of Faith, does not believe in it, and no better evidence could be found than the expulsion of the "perfectly holy people" of Galt. It irritates these clerical members of the elect as much as it does those who feel less certain of their future residence to have a section of the community profess greater godliness than they can possibly feel. If a man were to tell me that he was without sin, I would quote him the passage which tells the self-righteous "who thinketh he standeth to take heed lest he fall," but I have more sympathy with the man who believes he is perfectly holy and therefore justifies his election, than with the man who knows he is imperfect and still believes that God has arbitrarily selected him as one of His own. One could be justified, the other could not. If Christ died for all, we all have an equal chance. If he died only for the elect those of us who do not belong to it have no chance at all. If a certain portion of us are perfectly holy in this world I could see them go to heaven and feel glad they were saved and feel sorry I was not born the other way, but if I were to see a man who is as bad or worse than I am going heavenward in spite of himself while I had to go to the other place in spite of myself, I should be justified in cursing the evil star under which I was born and denouncing as unjust the infinite power which made my birth and damnation coincident.

***

The Universalists believe that all men will finally be saved; that after death there is a period of probation in which man may accept that which on earth he refused. The fact that after death Christ preached to those in Hades, gives a color of possibility to this humane faith; yet I, with the majority, believe that as a tree falleth so shall it lie. I could much more readily believe that if a man were unfit to be raised from the dead he would not be raised than that he should be raised in impurity and given an opportunity to reform when the shackles of the flesh have been removed. Job's question still recurs to a great many, "If a man die shall he live again?" When he who was so much afflicted looked upon the faces of his dead children and saw about him the wreckage of his hopes, it was not unnatural that he should ask himself "if a man die shall he live again," and looking at the same problem in the feeble way which may know that I have been conquered for I propose to live just as long as I can and even if I have not a consciousness of belonging to the elect I still want to live. I would rather cling to my idea of God's eternal mercy even if it be overshadowed by the belief instilled in my childhood that there is a place of eternal torture, than to lie down and die and believe that that is the last of me. When one leaves home and says adieu to those behind the pain of parting is made endurable by the belief in a future meeting. When one closes the eyes of the beloved dead and folds the hands which have been so tender and kisses the lips so loving in life it is a bereavement that does not drive one to an insanity of grief because there is the hope of some day seeing those eyes shine into ours again and feeling the tender pressure of the hands now so cold, and hearing words of endearment from the silent lips which give back no answer to the caresses which cling with such wild pleading to those who are dead. I cannot see how grief would be supportable if that were the last we were to see of those we loved. How utterly useless life would be if this were all of it, what folly to endure the trials of to-day if there were to be no God-illumined to-morrow. Then what more awful fate can be pointed out to those who are unworthy to live in this world than the fact that they are unfit to survive the grave, that when clods fall upon them they are no more worthy of resurrection than the blind and helpless dog killed in mercy by his master, or the useless horse after tugging his loads through the brief span of life which is killed that the bother of feeding him shall not be incurred after his usefulness is gone? And yet this law—the survival of the fittest—even if it has been taught by one who had doubts, is the law which suggests itself not only to reason but to mercy. When the old dog becomes mangy and toothless, his master does not keep him alive in order to torture him, but kills him; and we cannot believe that an infinite mercy would condemn those who have been given an earthly probation which has proved them unworthy to ages of agony nor revenge itself on the failure of the experiment by torturing the immortal part of that which failed to succeed.

***

I have been away fishing, and in the long intervals between the times I had an opportunity of torturing the poor fish I have been vaguely philosophising on these problems amidst beauties of nature which I scarcely thought existed in this fair Canada of ours. Fishing itself is not devoid of brutality. To see a poor dew worm wriggling on the hook suggests one's carelessness of the suffering of the dumb creation, and when one puts a frog on the hook there is such a human look about the beast that it really takes away my appetite. One can stick a hook into a locust, it is such an ugly looking grub, without compunction, and the spirit of the sportsman rises when you hook a fish. You can kill it without being sorry, but after all one has to be an old fisherman to get rid of the feeling that you are inflicting needless suffering.

***

On a fishing trip, lasting nearly a week, on the upper Trent, I saw scenery which is as glorious as the most beautiful section of the Hudson. Take Healy Falls, for instance, where our camping place was, a beautiful oak-opening on a promontory of land, where the roar of the falls and the swirr of the rapids made sweetest lullaby to quiet the tired nerves of those who toil in cities. It has not its counterpart in any land except our own. Amidst the music of falling waters and whispering winds one cannot but think of beautiful things. Back to me came the days when in the old farm house the peach boughs rustled against the window and the wind whispered amidst the wheat fields and meadows when on a hot summer day among a clump of maples the tired harvesters ate their indigestible lunch and I carried the water pail with ever increasing pleasure when it got full of grasshoppers and grubs before I got back to those who had to drink. There is no pleasure in a service of that kind and I find the same instinct amongst those who row the city fishermen about the streams and bays and lakes which are said to abound in bass and maskelonge. Fishing is a goodly sport, it is a contemplative sort of a thing; though I confess I got more mosquito bites than fish, I never enjoyed anything more hugely in my life. A man who goes fishing thinks he must load himself up with a lot of mechanical tackle which makes money for the dealer but fails to be attractive to the fish. Live minnows, frogs, dew worms and crawfish are more attractive to bass than any amount of phantoms, and the simple rule of not going too fast nor believing that because you are fishing there the fish are going to come, is enough to make one stay long enough in a place to give it a chance and not stay too long to deprive you of an opportunity of trying other more favored spots. A week's fishing is good for anybody and everybody. It humanizes a man. When he sticks his hook into some inoffensive reptile in order to lure a fish to its destruction you observe the principle generally adopted by society that the big fish eat the little ones, and that suffering does not count as long as you land your game. I think the man who fishes a couple of times a year has these things impressed on him, and it makes him better behaved towards his fellow man.

***

Camping out is a great feature of these expeditions. There you drink flies and pismires and millers and grubs in warm water without complaint, eat salt pork with a relish, take in white beans as if they were the greatest delicacy of the season, tackle canned meats as if they were a luxury and altogether submit to privations and inconveniences which if they took place at home would make one rise up in rebellion, fire the cook, and cause a separation between man and wife. Every man who takes in a little camp life learns to endure its trials and gets nearer the source of the trouble and finds out that accidents will happen in the best regulated families, even if the greatest possible care is exercised. Wives ought to encourage their husbands to take camping trips. When they come back covered with mosquito bites, their ears full of sand and their hair in a disordered mass they take more kindly and patiently to the little experiences which mark the history of every household and are more inclined to forgive than to complain. Besides it is a salutary thing for a man to be in communion with nature once in a while. While he sits by the camp fire and endeavors to protect himself from the attacks of the mosquito he thinks of the comforts of home and as he looks up at the stars and listens to the rush of waters and the rustling of the leaves of the trees he finds an echo, no matter whether he defines it or not, in his heart of the ecstatic exclamation of the psalmist when he cries: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." The man who communes with Nature does not need to put his thoughts into words. One learns to think in the language of the woods and to worship with the voice of the stream. The gentle whispering of the winds is a softer petition than any prayer with an organ accompaniment or the softly chanted amen of a choir.

***

When a party of men get together in a camp of this sort they get rougher in word than they are when they are at home but they are more gentle in thought. They tell outrageous stories but they think more beautiful thoughts and the stories by their outrageousness serve simply to accentuate the beauties of the hour and make the soul revolt from the coarse things of earth amidst the music and sublime things of nature and of heaven. Then one must learn to be more unselfish. Men are selfish animals and poor womankind are their victims. When a lot of men get together no one will submit to the cranks and whims which characterize the husband's lofty reign at home. They must accept their portion of labor and responsibilities. The little errands have to be done by full grown people, and home life begins to assume a different phase as one tugs a pail of water up a high hill and makes the smudge in the tent or assists in the culinary department. A man in camp approaches nearer a proper conception of a woman's life, the forbearance she exercises, the consideration for the feelings of others, the kind words which are necessary to companionship, the considerate action without which one would be companionless, than in any other experience I know of. Every man would be the better of a couple of weeks or a month's isolation. If he is with rough, coarse men it will brutalize him, if he is with sentimental, considerate men, those who have achieved something because they have been thoughtful of others, it will humanize him, get him back to first principles and renew his youth, and he will go back to his family a hundredfold better than he left it.

***

I have often wondered how it is that men tell such infernal lies about the fish they catch or don't catch, but fishing is such a question of luck! One man will sit and fish all day in a place and after leaving it in disgust someone will come along and fish in the same spot with immense success. The only way a fellow can equalize such things is by telling big stories. I imagine as a rule that people do not catch half the fish they tell about, but there is just as much pleasure in telling about them as there is in catching them. Then to think of the magnificent fish we lose.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS—A FRENCH SCENE.

We land the little ones and lose the whales always. Is it not the same in every other phase of life? We are always hooking on to big things, but we can never get them out of the water. We are just about making a fortune when something happens. We have enormous bites and catch nothing but minnows. We see immense fish follow our bait clear to the top of the water and still we pull in the empty hook. A man who fishes long enough becomes a philosopher; disappointments may lead to industry, and industry will certainly bring success.

***

The discussion caused by the preposterous claims of the railways to the water front of this city is beginning to assume a proper basis. Hitherto it has been successfully urged by the attorneys of such corporations that the great amount of good done to the city by the entrance of a railway should be paid for by an unlimited grant of privileges which later on, in the hands of the corporation would become, and in the instance of Toronto have become, the means by which the company could extort still further concessions. Toronto has given up many hundreds of thousands of dollars in bonusing railroads, and if they have helped to build Toronto, Toronto has helped to make the railways profitable. The idea of having railway lines separating the people of this city from the water front, and of expropriating the banks of the Don improvement for railways is simply absurd. If the Council finds out what the railways absolutely need in order to carry on business, they can resist much more successfully the present outrageous demands. There is every disposition on the part of this city to give transportation companies every necessary advantage, but the giving of anything beyond what necessity demands would not only be robbing the citizens, but giving the key of the city to the railway company, and from past experience we have every reason to believe that they would not be scrupulous in using their power.

***

Some of the French Canadian orators have been threatening that if the agitation against the racial and religious peculiarities of Quebec is continued in the Province of Ontario, the Lower Province will throw in its fortunes with the United States. This is an old threat, and it has lost its power of frightening the English speaking people into silence. The Southern States not only threatened to secede from the North, but attempted it. All those who believed that the United States was a nation and not a bundle of provinces loosely tied together took up arms to defend the Union. The result was that the Southern Federacy was shorn of its glory and the slaves were freed. If Quebec should attempt to secede from the Canada Federacy the result will be the same. The English speaking people will take up arms to preserve the nation and Quebec will be taught to behave herself. It would perhaps be a fortunate thing for Canada if those on the other side of the Ottawa river—which is our Mason and Dixon's line—were to attempt secession. It is doubtful if, until some opportunity is afforded English speaking Canada of reconquering Quebec, there can be any real union in Canada.

***

A leading hotel man was telling me the other day that Toronto's tourist business is annually becoming smaller. The bad service furnished by the Ontario and Richelieu navigation steamers has discouraged the American travelers from going to the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence by way of the Niagara steamers and Toronto. It is a pity that this large stream of traffic which now goes down to the Thousand Islands on the other shore by means of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad should have been diverted from the line which used to be of such benefit to us. Those interested in this matter should take the thing in hand. Two or three well equipped boats would soon drive the old line out of competition and there is no reason why an investment of this sort should not be permanent and profitable. DON.

Society.

The Toronto Riding and Driving Club have hitherto confined their meets to drives in sleighs during the winter months, and have on that account been popularly known as the Toronto Sleighing Club. This afternoon, however, they enter upon a new departure and thus prove the accuracy of their title. At the invitation of the president of the club, Mr. J. K. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr, members are to meet at Rathnelly, Mr. Kerr's fine mansion on the Roselake Hills, at two o'clock for luncheon. The meal over, on horseback or in carriages, they are to proceed to some point beyond the Humber returning to town in time for dinner at seven. Society has not gone in for riding this spring as much as last, mainly on account of the absence in Europe of many of the devotees of the best of exercises. Some of these have now returned to town and this meet of the Riding and Driving Club is to be followed by others, provided that a continuance of unsummerlike weather keeps a sufficient number of people at home. The late rains have kept the grassy lanes and pleasant glades of the Humber district in splendid condition, so that if one falls at all, one may fall softly.

*

Mr. J. H. Plummer, assistant manager of the Bank of Commerce, and Mrs. Plummer left on Tuesday evening for a holiday to be spent in Europe.

*

Miss Walker, daughter of ex-Ald. David Walker, has returned to town after a pleasant fortnight's trip in New York.

Dr. A. J. Johnson of Bloor street west is spending a week in Muskoka fishing.

Maplehurn looked its loveliest on Tuesday afternoon when the elite of Toronto gathered together within its walls, at the request of Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, to meet the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The weather was all that could be desired, bright and warm, and the spacious grounds surrounding this comfortable mansion, presented a dazzling appearance, the exquisite tint of the foliage lending a charming ground for the pretty, pale colors of the ladies' costumes. An enormous marquee was erected on the south side of the house, with a long table abundantly covered with viands, for which there was a constant demand. The band of the Queen's Own Rifles discoursed a choice selection of Scotch and other melodies at short intervals during the afternoon, being stationed on a balcony on the west side of the house. In the dining-room there was also a large refreshment table, which received its full complement of callers for ices, strawberries, claret cup, tea, coffee, cake, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Cosby welcomed their guests in the drawing-room, the latter wearing a becoming gown of gray corded silk, vest of white, and steel trimmings. A neat straw hat completed her toilet. Fully four hundred must have been present. Some of the familiar ones being G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, Miss Maude McCutcheon, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. George Torrance, Mrs. Geo. Crawford, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss Foy, the Misses Shanly, the Misses McLean, Mr. A. D. McLean, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. Roly Moffatt, the Messrs. Michie, Miss Michie, Mrs. and Miss Bain, Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. J. Crowther, Mrs. Duggan, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mr. Hoyles, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Moffatt, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Miss Smyth, Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mrs. and Miss Ince, the Messrs. Cawthra, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. Leach, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple, Miss Gertie Temple, Mrs. and the Misses Lockart, Mr. R. Lockart, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Ince, jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. S. Morrison, Mr. and Miss Spratt, Mr. W. Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. Austin Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. George Arthurs, Miss Arthurs, Mr. Jones, Dr. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. K. O. Moffatt, Miss Moffatt, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy, Mr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. E.I. Brown, the Misses Gooderham, Miss Monaghan, Mrs. and Miss Wadsworth, Miss Birchall, Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mrs. R. H. and the Misses Bethune, Mrs. J. R. and the Misses Armstrong, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Hellwell, Mr. and Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Jack Kay, Mr. W. Armstrong, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. Heath, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Todd, Miss McDonald, Mr. P. McDonald, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. J. S. McMurray, Mr. L. L. McMurray, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. McNab, Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Merritt, Dr. Ogden Jones, Miss Brough, Miss Grier, Miss Dallas, Dr. G. S. Ryerson, Ald. Walker, Miss Minny Parsons, Mrs. Henry Fuller, Miss Green, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Crowther, Mrs. McLean Howard and Miss Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. Stanton, Mr. S. Lee, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bright, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. P. Ridout, Major Harrison, Mr. Brock, Mrs. Sewel, Miss Ethel Vickers, Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Miss Proudfoot, Mrs. and Miss Blaikie, Miss Benson, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, Miss Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. and the Misses Green, Miss Macdonnel, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Harris, Miss Fiskin, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Martland, Mr. G. Mercer and Miss Adam, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mrs. and Miss Kay, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Miss Prince, Mrs. and Mr. Nicol and Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. and Miss McKenzie, Mrs. F. and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mr. Dixon Patterson, Professor Boys.

*

Mr. Gus Richardson returned to Winnipeg Wednesday, after a short visit to his father, Dr. Richardson, St. Joseph street.

*

An interesting cricket match takes place this afternoon on the Upper Canada College grounds, between the Trinity College School of Port Hope and Upper Canada College Cricket Club, which will attract a large and fashionable number of spectators.

*

I am sorry to have to chronicle here the sad and sudden death of Mrs. Widmer Hawke, which took place at her husband's residence on June 19. Mrs. Hawke was a favorite in society and will be greatly missed. Mr. Hawke has the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends, in his deep bereavement.

*

I have received a neatly gotten up programme of the closing exercises of Alma Ladies' College at St. Thomas. The exercises last from June 13th to the 26th, and embrace an interesting programme devoted to music, literature and art.

*

Among the many handsome dresses worn by the ladies at Government House reception last week, I noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell in a very pretty dress of white and pink combination, with large hat of white tulle; Mrs. Cattanach in white and green; Miss Edith McFarlane looked lovely in a pretty cream delaine with Nile green silk trimmings and large Gainsborough hat of cream tulle and daisies; Mrs. J. M. McFarlane in black lace and very stylish bonnet of black and yellow; Mrs. George Crawford in pink, with bonnet to match; Miss Rutherford in cream, with very pretty bonnet; Miss A. Rutherford in a pretty pink china silk gown and large pink hat with feathers; Miss Mabel Heward looked charming in a costume of blue and gold, with gold vest and stylish hat of blue; Mrs. Macklem in a black watered silk, bonnet of lace; Miss Fanny Smith looked charming in white, with lace hat; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald in very pretty crush strawberry dress and bonnet of pink tulle; Mrs. Cecil Lee looked bewitching in one of her trousseau dresses of white lace and yellow, with large Gainsborough of white lace and yellow; Miss J. Gooderham in pink with lace front; Mrs. Cameron in a stylish steel gray satin, with bonnet of gray lace; Mrs. Clark in black silk, with bonnet of black lace and ribbon. I also noticed Mrs. Arkle, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Alf. Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss Daisy Otter, Mr. Cecil Lee, Mr. B. P. Rutherford, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. McDonagh, Dr. Moore, Miss Ella Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse and many others.

*

The Queen's Royal Hotel at Niagara has reopened for the season, and already preparations are being made for the first "hop."

*

The *Empire* on Tuesday published the following list of prominent Canadians and Torontonians now in Europe or on their way across the sea: Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., the Misses Clarke, Mr. C. G. Matlatt, Mr. John Waldie, the Misses Waldie, Mr. W. A. Medland, Mrs. W. Roe, Miss Minnie Roe, Mr. Edward Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Thorne, Miss M. Rous, Mr. John Dudgeon, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Michie, Miss Skiff, Mr. and Mrs. F. Newbery and family, Miss Nellie Douglass, Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kent, Mayor E. F. Clarke, M.P.P., Treasurer R. T. Coady, Mr. P. M. Clarke, Mr. H. J. Scott, Q.C., Mr. N. Rooney, Mr. A. Johnstone, Mr. S. Caldecott and family, Mr. D. Graham and family, Mr. Victor Lee, Miss Height, Mrs. H. M. Hill, Miss Wintermute, Miss Etta Hill, Miss Parker, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. R. Simpson, Miss Simpson, Mrs. C. D. Botsford, Mr. Jas. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. West, Mr. Chas. Cockshutt, Mrs. Cummings, Dr. A. M. Baines, Mr. G. M. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lydiatt, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gibb, Mr. L. Pears, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Greenfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Thos. Gibson, Mr. Wm. Doe, Mrs. Todhunter, Mr. John Whatmough, Miss M. Murphy, Mr. Alex. Smith, Mr. John Saunders, Mr. Alex. and Miss Nairn, Mr. D. McLean, Mr. Malcolm Lamonte, Mr. E. Dignum, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kent, Mr. A. Roberts, Mr. S. F. McKinnon, Mr. Richard Brown, Mr. Alfred Reeve, Mr. John Hoskin, Q. C., Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., Mr. and Mrs. J. Gray Gibson, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. W. Christie, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Palmer, Hon. Judge and Mrs. Gowan, Mr. E. Y. and Mrs. Eaton, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Carswell, Mr. George Beardmore, Miss Holmes of Richmond Hill, Mr. A. W. Ross, M. P., and Mrs. Ross of Lisgar, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutcliffe of Brampton, Hon. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Mowat and Sheriff Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. and Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hamlin, Dr. and Mrs. Hare, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. Tilson, Mr. T. R. Metcalf, Mr. E. D. Carter, Mr. E. D. King, Mr. and Mrs. Galley, Rev. Dr. George and Mrs. George of Belleville.

*

A marriage has been arranged and will soon take place between Mr. Gamble Geddes, late A. D. C. at Government House, and Miss Jones of Church street. Miss Jones has recently returned from Europe, where she has wintered, and on her return the engagement was made public. Of the numerous engagements which have been announced of late, this is perhaps the one in which society has been most interested.

*

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Middleton returned from Europe last week, Mr. Middleton being much improved in health.

*

Hon. John Macdonald and Miss Lucy Macdonald will leave on Monday for a two months' trip to Alaska.

*

The St. George's Society garden party which was to have taken place at the residence of Mr. Perceval F. Ridout, Rosedale House, last Saturday, was postponed on account of the wet weather. It is now announced for next Saturday, June 29, and judging from the number of tickets sold it will be a great success.

*

The Infants' Home, I see, has received very substantial assistance from the late kirmess. It gets the snug sum of $4,715 which is the amount realized at the kirmess after payment of all expenses. This included the sum of $125 from the kirmess ball committee. Everybody connected with the kirmess has reason to feel gratified at the result, as one young lady said: "It is comforting to feel that we have done so much good when having so much fun."

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson are summering on the Island, at The Moorings.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Walker of Carlton street, have taken a cottage at Hanlan's.

Mr. P. C. and Miss Allan of Spadina avenue arrived home this week from Bermuda.

Mr. Wm. F. Johnson, superintendent Massey Manufacturing Co., left on Tuesday for Europe.

Mrs. Dowling and family and Miss McLennan of New York will spend the summer at Monreith, on the Island.

Hon. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Mowat, and Mr. Fred Mowat, sheriff of Toronto, left on Tuesday morning for a trip to England and the continent.

Mr. A. H. Young, B. A., has been promoted from second assistant teacher of moderns in Upper Canada College to the head of that department. He takes the place of Mr. Chas. Whitham, M. A., who goes to British Columbia.

Dr. W. H. P. McKeown was dined at the Reform Club last Saturday evening, by a number of his friends, previous to his departure for Europe to "walk the hospitals." Mr. John Scully occupied the chair, with Mr. G. F. Cane as vice-chairman. Dr. McKeown took his departure on Monday.

The members of the Boomer Rifle Association (A Co., Royal Grenadiers) assembled at the Union Station on Monday night to give their comrades a send-off. Staff-sergeants Mitchell and McVittie left to join the rest of the Wimbledon team at Montreal, whence they sailed on Wednesday morning. With them went Staff sergeant Ashall, Q. O. R., and Staff-sergeant Curzon, R. G.

Mr. C. W. Taylor, the able and universally popular secretary-treasurer of the *Globe* Printing Co., has been promoted to the position of business manager, and the general public will recognize the merit of the appointment, for to Mr. Taylor is largely due the credit for maintaining and increasing the large business of the *Globe*. Mr. James Watt, formerly accountant and almost a rival of Mr. Taylor in point of popularity, is now secretary-treasurer. The newspaper craft in Toronto join heartily in congratulating both the *Globe* and Messrs. Taylor and Watt.

The piano recital given by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, a pupil of Dr. Fisher of the Conservatory of Music, on Monday evening was a success. The auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Tripp gave for his numbers selections from Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt. He seemed quite at home manipulating the most difficult passages, and was warmly and enthusiastically encored after his rendition of Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2. Others helping in the programme were Mrs. T. H. Litster and Miss Maud Gilmour (sopranos), and Mr. Dinelli (cellist).

Mr. R. B. Teefy, treasurer of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League, was entertained at dinner at the Continental Hotel on Monday evening by his Irish friends. Rev. Father Hand was chairman and Mr. Patrick Boyle vice-chairman. The others present: Rev. Father Teefy, Rev. Father Brennan, Mr. Teefy of Richmond Hill, Rev. Father Rooney, Messrs. Fred. L. Lee, John Scully, J. A. Mulligan, Frank Cassidy, L. J. Cosgrave, P. Curran, the oarsman Wm. O'Connor, Frank P. Lee, W. J. Ryan, James Byrell, M. J. Clancy, Charles Mahoney, Bryan Lynch, M. McKloskl, John L. Lee, secretary, J. L. Coffee, Rev. Father McBrien. Mr. Teefy is leaving to take charge of a branch of the Stockton Milling Company in California.

Mr. John G. Gibson, manager of the Ontario Brewing and Malting Co., was entertained last Saturday evening by a number of his friends at the National Club and on Monday was the recipient of a handsome clock and a beautifully engrossed address from the employes of the company in view of his marriage, which took place at the residence of Mr. C. A. Crawford, Grange road, on Tuesday morning. The bride was Miss McIntosh, a niece of Mr. Crawford. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell performed the ceremony at which none were present but a few personal friends of the bride and bridegroom. The wedding party accompanied the bride and groom on the Cibola to Lewiston, where they took train for New York *en route* to England where they will spend their honeymoon.

"Hazing" at Vassar.

When the girl freshman enters Vassar, instead of receiving the hazing that awaits her brother on entering college, and being obliged to stand on a table in her *robe de nuit* to receive blackeyed peas in her water on being devoted head, with an accompaniment of demoniacal howls and groans, she is welcomed with the prettiest, gentlest courtesy one girl knows how to bestow upon another. The "old girls" (those who have been one or more years in the college) immediately find out where the new girls are to room and call very promptly, introducing themselves and leaving their cards. The new girl is presumably a little frightened and very homesick, but the old girl doesn't appear to notice it or sympathize lest it precipitate a flood of tears, but endeavors to interest her in all the customs and incidents of college life, of which she is now an element. There are no conditional students accepted at Vassar, but every examination must be satisfactorily passed before a student becomes a member of any class. This done, and the class organized and officered, its colors, flower, and motto chosen, the sophomores give to the freshmen a party of welcome, at which each soph invites personally a freshman to be her guest. To this lady she sends a bouquet, either of the class flower or her favorite blossoms, and she attends her with all gallantry and courtesy to the festivities, where she introduces her to her intimate friends, and is as devoted as the average young man would be under the same circumstances. The members of the faculty are also invited, and the party is held in the gymnasium, which has been handsomely decorated for the occasion with ornaments contributed from the parlors of the pretty hostesses. There are music and dancing, songs of welcome from one class and responses from the other, and the new girls have been fairly launched on the tempestuous sea of college life. Then the two classes swear eternal and traditional enmity at each other, which culminates when the sophomores are seniors and the freshmen are juniors.

When these important matters have received the consideration their dignity demands, the new girl sets about establishing a little home for her four years' sojourn, and the woman's strongest instinct is betrayed. Put a woman's woman in the midst of an open field, with the sky for a roof-tree, and she will at once begin arranging and creating a home out of the very grass and stones about her. There are few single rooms for the students, and these have always been assigned to the more delicate girls. There is usually a small parlor occupied by three or four girls, and into this parlor open three or four bedrooms, of one of which each girl is proprietor. The parlors are most artistic, cosey little snuggeries, essentially feminine and dainty in their arrangement. The broad, high window seats are cushioned with some bright, soft material and piled with gay pillows, handsome hangings conceal the doors opening into the bedrooms, rugs, pictures, etchings, bits of decorative work and comfortable little rockers complete the furnishing of the rooms, to which small writing desks and well filled bookcases give the air of student life. All this if the girls are friends, but if through any mischance the roommates cannot or will not affiliate, how all the pretty treasures disappear, each girl taking her own articles into her tiny little sleeping room and resolutely shutting the door upon them, leaving the parlor as dreary as a country way station.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Advice to Young Writers.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recently said to an interviewer who asked him if he would advise a young writer, just beginning, to seek the magazines at first as the medium of bringing his work before the world: "Yes, if he feels his work is good enough; but until one has made at least something of a reputation, I think there is another way to bring his wares before the world. Now, I don't know whether there is such a paper in existence as the Oshkosh *Gazette* or not," said the doctor, smiling, "but if there is, if a young man who aspires to be a poet contributes his poems over his mere initials to even so modest a sheet as this, if they have the real ring to them they will find their way into other papers, near and far, and in time he will have a reputation."

Not Much.

Gothamite—Are you a married man?

Chicagoan (hesitatingly)—Um—er—only one wife.

IMMENSE SUCCESS

LINDSAY LENNOX'S GRAND SONG

Love's Golden Dream

The average sale of this song in London exceed 2 500 copies weekly. Its success is almost unprecedented. It is sung by Sims Reeves, Ma le Roze and hosts of other soloists. Everyone can play it. Everyone sings it. All like it. PRICE 40 CTS.—IN KEYS TO SUIT ALL VOICES.

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM WALTZ

By Theo. Bonheur. Beautifully Illustrated. Price 75c.

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association

13 Richmond West, Toronto

Catalogues free on application

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

Gold Watches

Gold Filled Watches

Silver Watches

Only those, which from personal experience I know to be fine timekeepers. E. BEETON, High Grade Watch Specialist, opp. Post Office.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKERS

112 KING STREET WEST

This famous house is unrivalled in Toronto for the Select Style, Variety, Beauty and Novelty of its Goods.

For strictly moderate charges it cannot be surpassed.

TENNIS AND CRICKET GOODS

Just out of bond, a full line of White and Striped

Tennis and Cricket Flannels and Worsteds

These goods have been soap shrunk for us by "Peerless," the celebrated cloth worker, of London, and we can confidently recommend them.

Also a few striped and plain silk Tennis Shirtings of exquisite patterns.

The Newest Designs in

Silk Sashes and Belts, Buckles, &c.

Bilton Bros.

Tailors and Furnishers

69 King Street West

Sea Side Excursions

Montreal Quebec
Murray Bay Saguenay
White Mountains Portland
Rye Beach Passamaquoddy

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

72 Yonge Street . . . Toronto.

MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST

is now showing a choice and varied assortment o

New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also being under able management.

TENNIS SUITS

We make up White Tennis Suits at

$10.50, $12, $14, $16

Fancy Stripe Tennis Coats made to order

A LINE IN STOCK AT $2.50 EACH

See Our Assortment

WHEATON & CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

SPRING 1889

French Millinery Emporium, 63 King St. West. (Opp. *Mail* Office, first floor)

We will be prepared on and after the 25th inst. to show our spring importations in trimmed and untrimmed millinery, flowers, feathers and novelties.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

(Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block.)

TRADE MARK

W. F. ROSS & CO.
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

High Grade
Non-Magnetic
Swiss & American

WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Earnings of Newspaper Writers.

Mr. Joseph Howard has recently published an article in the Boston *Globe* containing much interesting matter on the subject of the incomes derived from literary work. He believes that the average earnings of American writers are decidedly above those of men in the other learned professions.

It is stated in a New York exchange that Edgar Saltus, if he had to depend on his writings for a living, could easily bring his income up to $10,000 to $15,000 a year. But being possessed of an independent fortune he writes but little and charges high. Harpers paid Amelie Rives $100 for her sonnets, which is considered a mighty good price for mighty poor poetry. The highest price, however, yet paid for poor work was given by Collier of New York, who paid $7000 for a seven-thousand line poem by Rives, and $10,000 for a novelette by Stockton. Neither of these were successful. Brander Matthews earns $3,000 a year and Edgar Fawcett about $4,000. The latter received the extravagant sum of $3,000 for his novel, Olivia Delaplaine, from the *American Magazine*, which died almost immediately afterward. Both these writers, together with William Winter, make a handsome annual income out of Augustin Daly by doing hack work on the literature that manager gets out to advertise his companies and his theater. George W. Cable's pen brings him $4,000 a year which sum he doubles by his readings. James Whitcomb Riley has made money since he formed the partnership with Bill Nye. His readings and writings make him about $8,000 a year. Nye is paid $100 a week by the New York *World*, and makes double that sum on the platform, all of which brings his yearly income up to not less than $20,000. John Habberton, the author of Helen's Babies, makes over $10,000 a year by his work on the *Herald* and other journals. W. D. Howells is paid $10,000 a year by Harpers and makes probably $5,000 outside of that. R. H. Stoddard's salary on the *Mail* and *Express* is $2,500 a year, which amount he doubles by outside work. Richard Watson Gilder receives $20,000 a year for editing the *Century*.

James Gordon Bennett has been accustomed to draw $100,000 a year from the *Herald*, while C. A. Dana was paid $80,000 per annum to edit the *Sun*. It is said that Jos. Pulitzer's income from the *World* last year was in the neighborhood of a million, while John Cockerill only received $20,000 for editing that paper.

E. P. Roe earned $50,000 a year without difficulty, and Mark Twain testified in his suit against John Ross Robertson some years ago, that the income from his books amounted to $30,000.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett pulls in $50,000 a year from publishers and theatrical managers. Mayo W. Hazeltine, the book critic of the N. Y. *Sun*, is paid $10,000 a year, and it is stated that half a dozen Washington correspondents of New York papers draw salaries equally high. Jos. Howard makes about $12,000 a year and never saves a cent. Beside these princely incomes the poor $300 a year which Walt Whitman's poems have yielded him for many years, calls up a vision of a gaunt and hungry wolf at the door.

Ouida.

In a London correspondent's letter to the New York *Sun* occurs the following interesting sketch of the famous novelist, Ouida.

"I think by all odds the most grotesque and absurd little creature who ever came to London was the novelist Ouida. She was here two years ago, and there was a constant reign of terror among the women until she left; everybody was afraid of being put into her next book. Talk about her beautiful eyes or tempestuous manner is talk of the most absurd kind. She is almost small enough to be a dwarf, with no particular color to her eyes or hair, ill-fitting gowns, and the most extraordinary independence that has ever been known. Instead of stopping with the many people who invited her to stay with them, she went off and lived alone at the Langham Hotel because she felt that there her movements would be unrestricted. She was the great woman of the season here, and the most intractable and unmanageable one we ever had. She went to see whoever interested her without waiting for the form of an invitation or even introduction. For instance, one day very early in the afternoon she took an umbrella, put on a pair of sturdy walking boots, and walked down to the city and all around St. Paul's Churchyard and back to the Langham Hotel for exercise. Her squat little figure attracted some attention on the street and apparently the physical exertion set her brain going, for she made up her mind offhand to go and see two or three people whose names where known to her, and to whom she was more or less attracted on that account. She came up from St. James on her way to the city, stopped at Arlington street and told the man that she wished to see the Marchioness of Salisbury. The man took Ouida's card, sauntered up stairs with it to the drawing room, and, when he got there, found that Ouida was stalking calmly along at his heels. As he entered the drawing room with the card, Ouida pushed by him and went up to the Marchioness and shook her warmly by the hand. As the Marchioness had never seen her, and had not yet seen the card, she was rather surprised; but after a few minutes' pause she was more or less interested in the whimsical novelist, and they chatted along for nearly an hour.

"Then Ouida rose, took her umbrella, started to go, and, changing her mind, sat down again, and told the Marchioness that if she would send for Lord Salisbury she would see him. This manner of asking for the Prime Minister of England as though he were kept on tap as it were, and ready to be produced at a moment's notice to any one who cared to drop in at Arlington street, was too much for the Marchioness. She would have stood anything but that; but she was the wife of a diplomat, and she told Ouida gravely that the Marquis had gone to Downing street and hence could not be seen. Thereupon the novelist expressed a slight regret, seized her umbrella and drifted out. That was a specimen of the way she passed her way in England. It is a curious thing, by the way, that a woman with such a wonderful fount of humor as Ouida displays in her little book, A Rainy Month in June, should be so utterly destitute of humor herself. Once in a while, in talking, she is odd and grotesque, but never in the least degree witty. I dined with her several times, but I never discovered any of the gleams of humor in her talk which are so prevalent in that odd little book. By the way, before she left she announced that there was only one man in England who was worth looking at or talking to, and he was Oscar Wilde."

Bonaparte's Closeness.

Napoleon I. was a great admirer of Mdlle. Georges, but by no means splendid in his liberality. One day, after alluding in terms of satisfaction to her performance on the preceding evening, he signified his intention of bestowing on her a mark of his approval, and asked her what she would like to have.

"Sire," she replied, "my great ambition is to possess a portrait of your majesty."

"Your wish is easily gratified," said the Emperor, with a smile. Putting his hand in his pocket, he presented her with the desired effigy in the shape of—not, as she probably expected, a miniature, enriched with diamonds, but—a five-franc piece!

Some Proverbs on Woman.

German—Listen to a woman's first opinion, but not her second.

French—A wife is a perpetual torment. A man of straw is worth as much as a woman of gold.

Spanish—Women, wind and fortune are changeable. If you have anything to proclaim in the open market, you need only repeat it to women and magpies. A woman's advice is of no account, but if you don't take it she calls you a fool. Be on your guard against a bad woman, and never trust a good one. There is only one bad wife, but every husband thinks he has got her.

Portuguese—Women are not wanted when they are present and are missed when they are absent.

American—Women can keep a secret, but it takes a lot of them to do it. Women paint to hide their blushes.

Italian—He who loses his wife and a brass farthing, has only lost the latter.

Chinese—A woman's tongue is her sword, and she never allows it to rust.

All nations agree in saying that "Woman marries in haste and repents at leisure."

A Sunday Pastoral.

Rev. Mr. Ruffin—If yo' don' kim t' chu'ch mo' reg'lar, yo'll go ter der bad place, Job Whinders.

Job—Ho! on, pahson! I wuz 'gaged in ketchin' a chick'n fer yo' donation-pahty ter-morrer.

Mr. Ruffin—Um-m-mpah! 's dat so? Well, p'raps we kin scotch yer a liddle in d' flames 'n jaff yo' go; but be keerful, Job, be keerful.—*Judge.*

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviots imported by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Toronto to Equal New York.

We are pleased to notice a marked improvement in King street east, which has gained by the opening of the handsome retail sest establishment of the Steele Bros. Co. (limited), at Nos 130 and 132. Here are found palms, roses, lilies and seeds of all descriptions; fountains, birds and everything to make the place still more beautiful, will be added. Toronto aristocracy will welcome such a bower of beauty.

The only favorite cafe for ladies in Toronto is still Thomas' English Chop House, Messrs. Keachie & Co., proprietors. Prompt and polite attention on the part of waiters, dishes hot, and the bill of fare as complete as can be found in Canada, while prices are no higher than elsewhere.

NEW GAMES
AT
The Palace Novelty Emporium
49 KING ST. WEST

Telegraph Boy, Bobbing Round the Circle, Robbing the Miller, Ambuscade, Constellations, Bounce, etc.

DR. CUNNINGHAM
DENTIST
Cor. Yonge and Edward Streets

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
Adult Dose.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
BINGHAM'S PHARMACY
109 Yonge St., Toronto.

For Sale by all Leading Druggists.

Ho! For Muskoka, the Island or the Parks
COTTAGERS, CAMPERS, EXCURSIONISTS
Come to us for your supplies. We are in a position to complete your every requisite. We have one of the largest and most complete stock of campers' supplies in Canada. Our packing and shipping facilities are unequalled, so that your orders can be filled and (*properly*) shipped on the shortest possible notice.
THE GEO. W. SHAVER CO.
OF TORONTO (Limited)
244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Streets, Toronto
Telephone 1836

SUMMER READING
THAT FRENCHMAN—By the author of Mr. Barnes of New York, &c. Price 50c.
THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY—By the author of Silence of Dean Maitland. Price 50c.
LE DOCTEUR RAMEAU—By Georges Ohnet. Price 30c.
New Books and Magazines Received Daily
F. W. NYE & CO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT
187 King St. West, Toronto

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.
FRENCH CLEANING
Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Kid Gloves, Kid Boots, Slippers, &c., beautifully cleaned at the only strictly first-class house in the city.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE
103 King Street West
Goods sent for and delivered. Telephone 1358.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW STYLES OF
FRONTPIECES AT DORENWEND'S?
If not, you should make it a point to do so before you buy your Season's Goods. You will find that Dorenwend's Styles are the most becoming and most durable. For hair goods of any kind this is the place to go to. Ladies' Waves, Frontpieces, Bangs, Wigs. The new Fluffy Switches, &c., &c.
A. DORENWEND, Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar, 103 and 105 Yonge Street.

SERIOUS STREET GOSSIP!
First Lady—Bonjour, Madame Stanislas, I am so glad to meet you, I wanted to speak to you so badly for some time past.
Mme. Stanislas—I am so sorry; you don't look well at all. Are you ill?
First Lady—Just so. I am disgusted with my bang and hair; I can't keep it in curls. Your bang is always curly and pretty and your hair so neat, that I must trouble you to ask how you manage it.
Mme. Stanislas—Why, with pleasure. Do you know Armand's Hair Store?
First Lady—I am sorry I do not; I have heard about it.
Mme. Stanislas—Well, it is No. 407 Yonge Street. There you will find the best stylish and cheapest hair goods in the city. Get an artificial bang like mine for the summer, and one of those wavy switches, and you will look better than I do
The first lady was sunstruck, and they carried her to
ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 Yonge Street
Where she got a lovely bang and a wavy switch, and then she felt better.

MISS BURNETT, Removed to
117 Yonge Street
Artistic and Original Hats and Bonnets
From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York.
Elegant designs in Walking, Dinner and Tea Gowns. Experienced fitter.

SPRING 1889

MISS A. STEVENS
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY
ESTABLISHMENT
251 Yonge Street
TORONTO

The Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.
The first High arm, the first Cylinder Shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Leaf, the first Self-Setting Needle, the first Loose Pulley, the first Ulder Braider
R. G. WILLIAMSON
677 Queen St. West.

CAMPING SEASON

EDWARDS'
DESICCATED SOUP
For Sale by Grocers Everywhere
Wholesale Depot: 30 St. Sacrament St., Montreal
Cook book free on application, naming this paper.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods or every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at
W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto
TALLY HO! THERE THEY GO!
Telephone No. 1277
Ladies' Hunting Caps and Silk Riding Hats, which for Style, Beauty and Durability are unequalled.
GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS
Our stock of Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unsurpassed. Sole agents for the celebrated Miller Silk and Felt Hats
LADIES WILL NOTE
We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS
99 Yonge Street - - TORONTO

TRY OUR NEW PATENT
YATISI YATISI
CORSET
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
Crompton Corset Co'y
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

STOVEL & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS
COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

Fred Armstrong
Plumber & Gasfitter
235 Queen St West

J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge Street
HAVE OPENED OUT A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF
FINE FRENCH SATEENS
These patterns are the choicest ever shown in the city, only one piece of three dress lengths in each design. We are the only house in the city that have these goods for sale, and it will be well worth the trouble of every lady to call and inspect them.
Printed Cashmeres, Delaines and Challies
Imported direct from Paris, some very rich designs, suitable for Tea Gowns, &c., &c. Bought at a big reduction a lot of fine Delaine in dark shades, Resada Greens.
Summer Silks
Henrietta Cloths
French Striped Flannels
Foulie Serges, &c.
Traveling Wraps, Ulsters, &c.
A large and choice assortment of Summer Wraps, Jet Visites and Street Jackets at great reductions.
DRESSMAKING
Having been one of our specialties this season as heretofore, with the exception that we have doubled our facilities by enlarging our premises, employing extra hands, and now engaging two first-class *Modistes*, we take this opportunity of recommending this department of our business to those who have not yet favored us with their patronage.
Every Garment Guaranteed Perfect in Fit, Draping and Finish. Prices Moderate.

THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I love her too,
Yes, but you must not love her,
I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess;
I love her as a woman."

A decent looking woman opened the door of the house in Hercules Buildings, and ushered Mr. Dalbrook up two flights of stairs to the small back room in which Mercy Porter had lived her lonely, friendless life from year's end to year's end. The perfect neatness, and tasteful arrangement of that humble chamber, struck Theodore at the first glance. He had seen such rooms at Cambridge, where an undergraduate of small means had striven to work wonders with a few shabby old sticks that had done duty for half-a-dozen other undergraduates, and which had been of poorest quality when they issued, new and sticky with cheap varnish, from the emporium of a local upholsterer.

Mercy was very pale, and although she received her visitor with outward calmness, he could see that she had not yet recovered from yesterday's agitation.

"What induced you to take so much trouble to betray me, Mr. Dalbrook?" she asked.

"Betray is a very hard word, Miss Porter."

"Don't not suppose that I believed yesterday's meeting was accidental? You took the trouble to bring Lady Cheriton across my path in order to satisfy your curiosity about my identity. Was that generous?"

"God knows that it was meant in your best interests. I knew that Lady Cheriton was your true and loyal friend—that she had more of the mother's instinct than your real mother, and that no pain could possibly come to you from any meeting with her. And then I had a very serious reason for bringing you together. It was absolutely necessary for me to make sure of your identity."

"Why necessary? What can it matter to you who I am?"

"Everything. I am the bearer of a very generous offer from Lord Cheriton—and it was essential that I should make that offer to the right person."

Mercy's face underwent a startling change at the sound of Lord Cheriton's name. She had been standing by the window in a listless attitude, just where she had risen to receive her visitor. She drew herself suddenly to her fullest height, and looked at him with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes.

"I will accept no generosity from Lord Cheriton," she said. "I want nothing from him except to be let alone. I want nothing from Lady Cheriton except her sympathy, and I would rather have even that at a distance. You have done the greatest harm you could do me in bringing me face to face with my old life."

"Believe me I had but one feeling, anxiety for your happiness."

"What is my happiness to you?" she retorted almost fiercely. "You are playing at philanthropy. You can do me no good—you may do me much evil. You see me contented with my life—accustomed to its hardships—happy in the possession of one true friend. Why come to me with officious offers of favors which I have never sought?"

"You are ungenerous and unjust. From the first hour of our acquaintance I saw that you were of a different clay to that of the women among whom I found you—different by education, instinct, associations, family history. How could I help being interested in one who stood thus apart? How could I help wanting to know more of so exceptional a life?"

"Yes, you were interested, as you might have been in another wreck, in some poor vessel stranded on a lonely shore, a picturesque object, battered, broken, empty, rudderless. It was a morbid interest, an interest in pain and misery."

He stated his commission plainly and simply. He told her that it was Lord Cheriton's earnest wish to provide for her future life—that he was ready, and even anxious, to settle a sum of money which would ensure her a comfortable income for the rest of her days. He urged upon her the consideration of the new happiness, and larger opportunities of helping others which this competence would afford her; but she cut him short with an impatient movement of her head.

"Upon what ground does he base his generous offer?" she asked coldly.

"Upon the ground of his interest in your mother and yourself—an interest which it is only natural for him to feel in one who was brought up on his estate, and whose father was his friend. It may be also that he feels himself in some wise to blame for the great sorrow of your life."

"Tell him that I appreciate his noble contempt for money, his readiness to shed the sunshine of his prosperity upon so remote an outcast as myself; but tell him also that I would rather starve to death, slowly in this room, than I would accept the price of a loaf of bread from his hands. Do not hesitate to tell him this, in the plainest form of speech. It is only right that he should know the exact measure of my feelings towards him."

At er this Theodore could only bow to her decision and leave her.

"Lord Cheriton is my cousin, and a man whom I have every reason to regard with affection and respect," he began.

She interrupted him sharply.

"He has never denied the cousin-ship, never treated you as the dirt under his feet—never looked down upon you from the altitude of his grandeur, with insufferable patronage——"

"Never. He has been most unaffectedly my friend ever since I can remember."

"Then you are right to think well of him—but you must let me have my opinion in peace, even although you are of his blood and I am—nothing to him. Good-bye. Forgive me if I have been ungracious and ungrateful. I have no doubt you meant well by me—only I would so much rather be let alone. It did me no good to see Lady Cheriton yesterday. My heart was tortured by the memories her face recalled to me."

She gave him her hand, the thin white hand, with taper fingers worn by constant work. It was a very pretty hand, and it lay in his strong grasp to-day for the first time, so reserved had been her former greetings and farewells. He looked at the delicate hand for a moment or two before he let it go, and from that hand upwards to the fair, finely cut face, and the large dark gray eyes. That look of his startled her, the hollow cheeks flushed, and the eyelids fell beneath his steady gaze.

"Good-bye, Mercy," he said gently, "let me call you Mercy, for the sake of the link between us—the link of common recollections, and the sad secrets of the past."

"Call me what you like. It is not very probable we shall meet often."

"You are very stubborn, cruel to yourself, and more cruel to those who want to help you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she echoed, almost in a whisper.

He went out into the shabby street haunted by those sad unpilited eyes, and the hollow cheeks faintly flushed with delicate bloom. How lovely she must have been in her dawning womanhood, and how closely she must have kept at home in the cottage by the west gate, seeing that he who had been so frequent a guest at Cheriton had never once met her there.

He was not satisfied to submit to this total failure of his mission without one further effort. He went from Hercules Buildings to Wedgewood street, and saw his admirable Sarah Newton, into whose attentive ear he poured the story of Mercy's obstinacy.

"She is a strange girl—a girl who could live in closest friendship with me all this time and never tell me the secret of her past life," said Miss Newton thoughtfully. "Why she should be so perverse in her refusal of Lord Cheriton's offer I can not imagine—but you may depend she has a reason."

Theodore escorted Lady Cheriton back to Doreschire by the afternoon train, but they parted company at Wereham Station, he going on to Dorchester, where his sisters received him with some wonderment at his restlessness.

"It is rather a favorite form with Mr. Ramsay to make engagements which you never mean to keep," said Sophia peevishly, and it was thereupon exposed to him that he and his friend had pledged themselves to be present at a certain tennis party upon the previous afternoon.

"I'm very sorry we both forgot all about it," he apologized, "but I don't suppose we were missed."

"I don't suppose you would have been," answered his sister sulkily, "if there had been half a dozen decent young men at the party; but as Hazledean's, you and Mr. Ramsay were the only men at the party; but as Hazledean's, you and Mr. Ramsay would have been something."

"It is hardly worth any man's while to endure an afternoon's boredom—to fetch and carry teacups in a sweltering sun, and play tennis upon an unlevel lawn if he is only to count for something, a mere make weight."

"Oh, then your real object in your selves such abominable airs nowadays," retorted Sophy, with an air that implied that the young men of former generations had been simply incarnate. "As for your friend, he has made a mere convenience of this house."

"As how, Sophy?"

"I don't think the fact requires explanation. First he goes to the Priory, and then to Cheriton, and then he is off to London, and then he is to be back on Saturday in order to lunch at the Priory on Sunday. If that is not making an hotel of your father's house, I don't know what is."

"Perhaps I have been too unceremonious, forgetting that I no longer live here, that it behoves me now, perhaps, to act in all things as visitor. It was I who made the engagements, Sophy. You must not be angry with Ramsay."

"I am not angry. It cannot matter to me how Mr. Ramsay treats this house; no doubt he thinks himself a great deal too clever for our society, although we are not quite so feather headed as most girls. He finds metal more attractive at the Priory."

"What do you mean, Sophy?"

"That he never looks at other ears in love with Juanita. It does not need a very penetrating person to discover that."

"What nonsense. Why, he has not seen her above three times."

"Quite enough for a young man of his vehement character.

"What can have put such an idea into your head?"

"His way of talking about her—the expressions he used, the pronouncements he came—the questions he asked me about her, showing the keenest interest in even the silliest details. What kind of a girl was she before she married, and what was the feeling Sir Godfrey before they were engaged, and had their love been a grand passion full of romance and poetry, or only a humdrum kind of affection encouraged by their mutual relations! Idiotic questions of that kind could only be asked by a man who was in love. And then how eagerly he snapped at your suggestion that he should go with you to the Priory next Sunday."

"It may be as you think," Theodore answered gravely. "I know his fervid temperament about most things; but I did not think he was the kind of man to fall in love—upon such very slight provocation."

"She may have given him more encouragement than you suppose," said Sophy. "He is the kind of man that a frivolous, half-educated girl would think attractive. She would never find out the want of depth under that arrogant, self-assured manner. However, she has asked Louisa and me for next Sunday, and I shall soon see how the land lies. You were always unobservant."

Theodore did not try to vindicate his character as an observer, albeit he knew no look or tone of his friend's which was likely to escape him; that even sharp-eyed malevolence could never watch her more closely than love would watch out of his eyes.

Yes; it was not unlikely that Cuthbert admired her too much for his own peace. He recalled words which had passed unnoticed when they were together. Poor Cuthbert. He felt he had done wrong in exposing his friend to such an ordeal. Who could know her and not love her?

CHAPTER XXVI.

"For life must life, and blood must blood repay."

Cuthbert Ramsay arrived at Dorchester on Saturday just in time to dress for dinner, and he contrived to make himself so agreeable to all the family in the course of that friendly meal, that Janet and Sophia forgave him for his base desertion, and Harrington forgave him for being a great deal cleverer and happier than himself. He was in very high spirits—had been working hard in London—attending lectures—witnessing operations—and looking after those grateful patients in the slums who were his chief delight.

"I love to find out what life means below the surface," he said. "One only gets at realities when one comes face to face with the struggle for existence. The children—the poor pinched atomies whom one looks at with a shudder, remembering that they are the men and women of the future! That is the terrible point—to think that in those little half-starved faces one sees the men who are to meet in Trafalgar square and unmake our smooth, easy world—to think that in those wizened morsels of humanity we have all the elements of discord and destruction in the days to come. That is the appalling thought.

"It is a thought that should teach us our duty to them," said Janet.

"What do you take that duty to be?"

"To educate them!"

"Education! educate them in the ways of health and cleanliness—after we have fed them. That I take to be our primary duty to the chilldrens. You know the old adage, Miss Dalbrook, *mens sana in corpore sano*. Did you ever hear of a sound mind in an unsound or unwholesome bodyl So long as we leave the little children to semi-starvation, we are sacrificing to the Demon Scrofula, which is to our enlightened age what the Demon Leprosy was to those darker ages whose ignorance we prate about."

"I am not in favor of pauperising the working class," said Harrington.

"That idea of pauperism is a bugbear and a stumbling block in the path of benevolence. Do you pauperize an agricultural laborer whose utmost wages are fifteen shillings a week if you provide his children with two good meals of fresh meat in the seven days, and so grow better bone and sinew than can be produced upon bread and dripping, or bread and treacle. Do you pauperize a man by giving him a free supply of pure water, and larger, airier rooms than his scanty wages will buy for him. To subsidize is not to pauperize, Mr. Dalbrook; and if England is to hold together upon the old lines during the coming centuries the well-to-do will have to help the poor upon a stronger and wider basis than they have helped them in the past, and a good deal of the spare cash that is being spent on fine clothes and dinner parties will have to be spent upon feeding and housing the million."

The two young men drove over to Milbrooke early on Sunday morning, in order to attend morning service at the picturesque old church. Matthew Dalbrook and his daughters were to join them at the Priory in time for luncheon, which was to be a regular family party.

Cuthbert was silent for the greater part of the drive, and Theodore was thoroughly observant of him. Yes, there might be something in Sophy's idea. More than once during that long drive the young man's face brightened with a sudden smile, a smile of ineffable happiness, as of a dreaming lover who sees the gates of his earthly paradise opened, sees his mistress coming to meet him on the threshold. Theodore's heart sank at the thought that Sophia had hit upon the truth. Any way there was hopelessness in the idea. If it were to be Theodore's blessed fate to see the one love of his life victorious, soon or later, after long patience and devoted sacrifice, Cuthbert must taste the bitterness of having loved in vain. But he would hardly be worthy of pity, perhaps, seeing that he had known from the first how the land lay, seeing that honor forbade his falling in love with Juanita.

But will honor make a man blind to beauty, deaf to the music of a voice, impervious to the subtle charms of all that is purest, best and loveliest in womanhood! Theodore began to think that he had done wrong in bringing his friend within the influence of irresistible charms.

"I was a fool to think that he could help himself; I was a worse fool to suppose that she will ever care for me—the humdrum cousin whom she has known all her life—the country solicitor whose image she has always associated with leases and bills of dilapidation—a little more than a bailiff, and a little less than a gentleman."

They disposed of the dog-cart to the village ostler, who was explaining the jovial self-indulgence of the Saturday night in the penitential sleepiness of Sunday morning, and they set in their places in the grey old church when Lady Carmichael came to the chancel pew. Theodore's watchful eyes followed her from her entrance in a halo of sunshine, which was suddenly obscured as the curtain dropped behind her, to the moment when she bowed her head in prayer. He had seen her face brighten as she passed the pew where he and his friend were sitting, and he told himself that it was Cuthbert's presence which conjured up that happier light in her soft, dark eyes. On the walk from the church to the Priory it was with Cuthbert she talked—Cuthbert the irrepressible, who had much to say that he had kept in the background listeners. It was Cuthbert who sat next her at luncheon, and who engrossed her attention throughout the meal. It was Cuthbert who went through the hot-houses, fern-houses, and green-houses with her after luncheon, and gave her practical lessons in botany and entomology as they went along, and who promised her some Austrian frogs. The day was one long triumph for Cuthbert Ramsay, and he gave himself up to the intoxication of the hour, as drunkard surrenders to strong drink, unconditionally, without thought of the morrow.

"What do you think of your friend's infatuation now?" asked Janet, with her most biting accent, as she and Theodore followed in the procession through the hot-house, she carefully picking up her gown at everyone of those treacherous corner puddles which are to be found in the best regulated hot-houses. "Have you any doubt in your mind now?"

"No. I have no doubt."

The carriages were at the door half-an-hour afterwards, and all through the homeward drive Cuthbert was silent as the grave. Only as they came into Dorchester did he find speech to say—

"I shall have to go back to town early to-morrow morning, Theodore!"

"So soon. What an unquiet spirit you are. You'll come back to us next Friday or Saturday, I hope."

"I don't know. I'll try; but I'm rather afraid I can't."

Theodore did not press the point, and his friend kept his word, and left by the first train on Monday morning, after having been intolerably stupid on Sunday evening, according to the sisters, who were disposed to think themselves especially ill-used by Mr. Ramsay's new infatuation for Lady Carmichael.

"I was beginning to respect Juanita for her conduct in the difficult position of a young widow," said Sophia, "but I begin to fear that she is no better than the rest of them, and that her leaving off crape upon her last gowns is a sign that she means to marry again before the second year of her widowhood is over."

Lady Cheriton's rose garden was in danger from a failure of the water in that old-fashioned well which had hitherto supplied the rose gardens. There had been an unusually long spell of dry weather since the beginning of July, and the gardeners were in despair. Mr. Theodore went over to the Chase with his portmanteau, in accordance with an engagement made the previous week, he found that Lord Cheriton had that morning given an order for the sinking of the old well from twenty to thirty feet deeper.

"There is plenty of water, my lord," said the head gardener, "if we only go deep enough for it."

"Very well, Mackenzie, go as deep as you like, so long as you don't go below the water-bearing strata. You had better put on plenty of hands. Her ladyship is many about her roses, seeing how you have been stinting them lately."

"It has been hard work, my lord, to do our duty by the roses, and keep the lawns in decent order. The ground would be as hard as iron if we didn't use a good deal of water for the grass."

"Get to work, Mackenzie, and don't waste time in talking about it. Drive over to Gadby's, and tell him to send some good men."

(To be Continued.)

His First Experience.

Rev. Mr. Blank, rector of a city parish, was in the office of a merchant not long after the latter had secured a telephone. Even to this day there are many parts of the country where used this modern distance annihilator, and the clergyman was curious. Making some remark about the convenience of the instrument, the merchant learned that he had never spoken through one. The clerk had just ended a conversation with the railway freight-bureau, and there is a man driven almost crazy by day, and haunted by night by the sound of the telephone. When a business man talks to him he wastes no time in words. It can possibly be imagined then that it was a very rash proceeding to venture to ring this individual up again, just to let a person try the machine.

But the rector was in position and central had called the freight man again.

"What will I say?" nervously asked the parson of the merchant.

"Oh, anything," was the ready response.

"Hello! what do you want?" asked the freight agent.

"It's a fine day," timidly responded the parson.

"Go to h-l, d-n you. Do you think I've got nothing else to do——?"

That was the end. The parson had too much of the telephone, and nobody knew for a long time why he dropped it so suddenly and moved away, as though all the electricity in the battery had got on to him.—*Progress.*

Round Shoulders.

A stooping figure and a halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, may be entirely cured by a very simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in a perpendicular position several times daily. To take this exercise properly one must take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity muscularly, the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly rise up on the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first on one foot, then on the other. It is wonderful what a straighten-ing-out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.

The Truant.

I tarried in dreamland this morning, and lo,
I saw on a cloud that hung near the west
Some school children romping with faces aglow,
On their wind-drifted campus with juvenile zest.

Their laughter rang out and was borne to my ear,
As they ran with light step o'er the sunglow plain,
And the sound of their voices, so bell like and clear,
Brought me back to the days of my childhood again.

But I started and gasped and cried out in surprise,
When the bright-tint d picture swung nearer to view,
And I saw, through the tears that welled up to my eyes,
The mates of my youth in that rollicking crew.

There was Tom, my old rest-mate, his face brimming o'er
With the mischief that lurked in his brown, curly head,
And good Godfrey Hill, and and bad Bobby Moore,
And Jerry and Byron and brave-hearted Fred.

And there with the rest was my twin-brother Ben,
Who fell at Bull Run in the thick of the fight,
And sweet Nettie Chase, looking rosy as when
We found a red ear at the husking that night.

And now as the teacher, with time-frosted h ir,
And the old, kindly frown in his sober, gray eyes,
And the loud, tinkling summons rang out on the air,
And the group disappeared thro' a rift in the skies.

'Tis the breakfast bell ringing—I wake with a sigh,
To wonder what lessons of infinite worth
My schoolmates are learning, up there in the sky,
While I'm "playing hookey" down here on the earth.

Detroit . ree Press.

The Wrong Mule.

One day as we were sitting on the tavern verandah at Gadsden a colored man rode up on a mule and hitched him to a post in rear of the court house. The mule then crossed to a stump and was absent twenty minutes. While he was gone a white man rode up on another mule and hitched the animal to the next post. The colored man saw only the one mule, and he walked directly up to the white man's. He had no sooner got within kicking distance than the animal let go and hit him in the body with both heels, rolling him over and over into the ditch. By the time he got up we got down, and after gazing at the kicker for half a minute he turned to us with:

"Gem'len, did dat ar' mewl kick me?"

"He did."

"Ar' he a smallish mewl, wid one ear dun cut off at de end?"

"No. The mule you rode up on is beyond him."

He went over to see, and after inspecting the animal for a minute or two he returned with a grin on his face and said:

"I got hold of de wrong mewl, but I'ze mighty tickled about it. When I walked up to dat odder beast an' he let loose on me I was in a fix. I knowed dat I was either drunk or had made a mistake in de animal, an' sich a feelin' cum over me dat I couldn't hardly git up."

"But suppose you had been drunk?"

"Dat's it, sah. All I had was 6' cents wuth o' mighty pore whisky, an' if dat was 'nuff to fetch me down I know dat I had dun broke down an' gin out an' was about ready to die. Gem'len, I'ze all right up to de futurous time. I war simply try'in' to remember by dat de ole woman some saleratus, an' I distinguished de wrong mewl."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Teach Your Boys to Aspire.

Much proxy advice is bestowed on boys and young men that never gets beyond the drum and ear stage. One of the most useful ideas you can introduce in a young head is that its owner is bound to make his mark in the world if he chooses to try. Teach him that it depends solely upon himself whether he soars above the dead level of mediocrity or not, whether he crawls or flies. Give him as far as possible, confidence in his own inherent capabilities. Argue that he has the same faculties by which others have risen to distinction, and that he has only to cultivate his faculties and apply their exercise that mighty propulsive agent, a determined will, in order to rise. Bid him shoot his arrows, not at the horizon, but the zenith. A boy who sets out in life with the Presidency in his eye, although he may fail short of the mark, will be pretty sure to reach a higher position than if his ambition had been limited to the office of town constable or a tide-waiter's berth in the custom house.

This idea is not a land where poverty is a serious impediment to advancement. Very few of our millionaires were born with gold spoons in their mouths, and several of the most distinguished of our statesmen earned their bread in early life by the sweat of their brows. Fortune's gifts are wrung from her in this country by hands and hearts that know no such word as fail, and fame has no special favors for the silk-stocking class. Action, says Aristotle, is the essence of oratory, but it is more true that energetic will is the soul of success. The best temporal advice a father can give a son is "aspire."

"Boy, let the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward and true to the line."

The Academician and the Bull.

A New Version of an Old Story.

The Bull.—Here's a chance to elevate Art!

The Bull.—Take it away, Pard—I'm paralyzed!—*Puck.*

Further Investigation.

A well-known citizen who is a wag in his way, was standing on the east portico of the City Hall the other day when a colored man came up and inquired:

"Boss, kin you dun tole me if dis ar' de place whar' dey pay taxes?"

"Yes, this is the place where they used to pay taxes, but you won't have to pay any this year."

"Hu! Cost me fo' dollars last year."

"Yes, but you needn't pay any this year."

"Why?"

"Owing to the subservicency of the syndicate, the city has decided to emulate the consanguinity of the reflection and remit the taxes of all poor men."

The colored brother scratched his head and scraped his foot for a moment and then said:

"Boss, it may be all right, but I'll go inside and see. If it subservicates de propaganda, den I was very much obliged. If de investigashun opiniates de sublimity, den I'll know you was fooling de ole man, an' de first time I hev a load of old cans an' bottles to draw off I'll dump it in yo' alley, suah!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A city man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper "The Umbrella." He thinks everybody would take it.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,
— SUCH S —
Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.
THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.
—THIS IS NO FICTION—
Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.
"Worth a Guinea a Box."
BEECHAM'S PILLS,
taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For Disorders of Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;
THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.
A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System, restoring lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH
the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, who have experienced the marvellous powers and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.
PREPARED ONLY BY
THOS. BEECHAM,
St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.
EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL,
Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

The Order of Medjidh

You have often asked me why I never married, and the question was one I did not feel I could answer. But somehow to-night, as I sit over the smouldering embers of the fire, with the rain beating on the windows, and the wind sobbing around the house, there seems to be an irresistible impulse obliging me to speak.

I believe there is some unseen connection between the other world and this, and often feel the presence of those who have passed away. There are times, like to-night, when the air is full of their subtle influence, and I can almost see the shadowy forms passing and repassing, and hear the murmur of voices long stilled, and at such times one seems compelled almost to open the inmost recess of one's heart as I do to you now.

Many years ago, as you know, I was an attache at the legation in Constantinople. Young, moderately good looking, and with plenty of money, I was at once launched into the midst of the European society that is always there. The members of the various legations, attaches, etc., form one of the gayest and most brilliant coteries in the world. I plunged into the vortex of this society with all the zeal of a novice, and enjoyed it to the fullest extent, but something, perhaps the recollection of my mother, kept me out of any of the compromising intrigues in which most of my friends were engaged. Constantinople is the very home and birthplace of intrigue. The custom of its society, the women veiled and kept away from the world, tend to encourage it. The glance of a bright eye from a guarded carriage, the wave of a white hand stealthily managed so as not to attract the watchful eye of the guard, has a meaning and suggestion in it that would never be thought of anywhere else. The sense of mystery about the inside of a harem gives a young man a longing to fathom it, and he goes to any length to get inside one, and always finds plenty of chances to try, as the women are constantly on the lookout for good-looking, adventurous spirits with whom to exchange smiles and glances, and often lure them on to danger and death. The air was full of rumors, and occasionally some one you knew or had seen was suddenly missed. He was gone. Where? Only the eunuchs and the Bosporus could tell.

Of course I had my share of soft glances from half-veiled beauties, as they passed in their carriages, and a rose was often dropped over the shoulder of some one walking, as an invitation to follow her, but beyond a nod and smiles I never went.

It was our custom to go every Friday to the Sweet waters of Europe, where the sultan, court, and all the wealth and fashion of Constantinople went after the mosque, and where the most brilliant and rarest scenes in the world can be witnessed. Every bareum in Constantinople was represented. There were hundreds of carriages full of ladies in every style of beauty, with mounted escorts of soldiers and eunuchs alone, according to their rank. So thinly were they veiled that it served rather to enhance than conceal their good looks, as they cast side glances at the young men who lined the roads as they passed. These were always returned with interest.

There is no place in the world where such a showy diversity of costumes and uniforms can be seen—Europeans, Turks, Arabs, Sheiks, Albanians, Greeks, Syrians—in the gayest and most brilliant robes, lining the drives for miles, smiling, ogling, and flirting with the occupants of the seemingly endless procession of carriages as much as they dared to under the watchful eyes of the scowling eunuchs.

Going often, and sauntering through the alleys with my gay companions, I came to notice a lady whose perfectly appointed equipage and splendid escort showed her to be one of the women of the sultan himself. Her perfect Circassian face, with the great, black, melancholy eyes, began to make a deep impression on me, and I found myself waiting for Friday and the opportunity of seeing her again. I knew that she had noticed me, for a quick glance and a flush of her face told me that, and I showed myself more and more conspicuously every time. The weeks began to seem endless, and many a night did I lie awake thinking of her, fancying that she had noticed and was watching for me, and that she gave me a smile and glance in passing. Once my ardor outran my prudence, and I went so near her carriage that the eunuchs angrily ordered me back. It became moody and unhappy. My friends rallied me on my changed appearance, insisting that there was a woman in the case, and trying every means to find out who it was.

The next time I saw her she made an almost imperceptible sign, and dropped something from the carriage that I picked up and found to be a piece of paper folded in the smallest possible compass, on which was written, in French: "Be more careful; you are watched." I put away the paper in a whirl of delight. Of course, she had noticed and was interested in me or she would not care. All she had to do, had my attentions annoyed her, was to have her guards take me in charge.

So time went on, and I became listless and miserable, spending hours brooding over the situation, and trying to devise some means of meeting her, until, at last, my chief said: "You are not well, and had better have a change." But still I lingered on. At last one day a note was dropped near me that said: "Be at the east gate of the *serraglio* to-night at nine. I have bribed a slave to admit you." You can fancy how long the time seemed. I was almost beside myself. At the appointed time I found a fat, black slave waiting for me. Laying his finger on his lips, he motioned for me to follow him, which I did, to a *kiosk* in a secluded part of the garden, and there found her waiting. Words fail to describe her beauty and gracious charm of manner, and if I had been in love with an ideal before I was still more so with the reality. She told me her story. How unhappy and closely watched she was; how she had noticed and admired me from the first, and that, noticing my changed, unhappy looks, she had braved everything to meet me. After an hour, that seemed only a minute, we parted. Two or three times after this we had these stolen, delightful meetings. The sense that danger was near us only made them the more enjoyable. At last she said that we must not meet again, as she was sure that we were suspected and watched. Putting a ring on my finger, and telling me that, come what would, she would always love and remember me, we parted. Heart broken, my life dragged on in a listless way. I gave up society and spent hours brooding over my unhappy fate, and devising ways and means to meet her again, but all to no purpose.

Some weeks later I was at the old place when she drove by with a little girl of five or six in the carriage, who laughed and played, enjoying the gay scene. She looked pale and anxious, while the guard and the eunuchs looked blacker and more forbidding than ever. She gave me a sad smile in passing, but I dared not show that I saw it, and stood dreaming at the place the carriage had passed, until suddenly a great commotion arose in the grounds, and looking, I saw that her horses had taken fright and were running away, scattering the crowd in every direction, spilling the eunuchs as they ran. It was the work of a moment to run across the flower-beds and through the grove to a place they must pass, and I was just in time to catch the bridle of the nearest one as he passed and hold on. They kicked and plunged, carrying me with them, until at last her escort came up and succeeded in stopping them. I had a faint recollection of seeing her jump from the carriage and come toward me, and knew no more.

When I came to myself it was in a splendidly furnished room, with doctors and nurses standing around, and I found that my arm and leg were broken, besides being bruised all over. The physicians forbade my talking, but I found out that the lady was safe, also the little girl, who was the Sultan's daughter. Under the influence of opiates my bones were set, and I afterward lay between sleeping and waking, too exhausted to stir, until suddenly a pair of arms around my neck and warm kisses on my face brought me back to consciousness, and I found that my love had eluded her guards and found me. She sobbed out her sorrows in my ears. Her slave had confessed our stolen meetings, and all was known. She had saved her life for a death more terrible. In helpless agony I lay there unable even to counsel her. The door opened and her eunuch came in with two mutes, one carrying a silken bowstring. She clutched me convulsively, begging me to save her. As they tore her away she pressed her lips to mine in one last kiss, and dragging her out of the room, her cries soon died away in a gurgling groan.

I made a desperate effort to jump out of bed and follow them, but fainted, and for weeks, as I was told afterward, hovered between life and death. Thanks to a good constitution, life won, and at last I become strong enough to be moved. Soon after my recovery the sultan sent me the Order of the Medijeh, in diamonds, for my bravery in saving his daughter's life, with a hint that the climate of Constantinople did not agree with me. So I resigned and came home, and you know how my life has passed since. The remembrance of her love has never left me; her last kiss still lingers on my lips that no other woman has ever touched, and the sound of her dying groans always rings in my ears. I know she is ever near me, and I hope the time is not far distant when we will be together for eternity. You will find in a little bag I always wear around my neck the ring and scraps of paper she gave me. That I want buried with me. And now you know the secret of my lonely, saddened life.

He Was Mistaken.

A man with fire in his eyes and his fists doubled up was prancing around on Monroe avenue yesterday when a policeman hailed him with:

"Are you looking for anybody in particular?"

"I should remark that I was! I'm going to smash a fellow's head the minute I find him!"

"What for?"

"He called me a crank, and I don't take that from anybody."

"I suppose you know the definition of the term?"

"You bet I do! It means a fellow who will walk into a saloon where five or six of his friends are and drink alone. I have never done it in my life, and I'll allow no man to impeach my honor."

The officer explained the term as generally understood, and the man replied:

"Is that possible! Well, then, I won't smash him. I must post up on some of these things before I get into trouble."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Hard Heart Softened.

Young Lady—Father, this is scandalous! The idea of a man of your standing coming home in this condition!

Old Gentleman—Couldn't (hic) help it, m' dear. Met see young feller I wouldn't let you marry, an' (hic) had some drinks wiz him, and he's such good feller I said he (hic) could marry you right off, m' dear.

"Mercy! Where is he?"

"Dunno, m' dear. Pliceman took him off (hic) in wheelbarrow."

It is all Right.

"I think I dropped a letter into a mail the other day without stamping it," said a man at the post office as he called for the chief clerk.

"If you did it has gone to the Dead Letter office."

"Has, eh? You must have known that it was a mistake."

"Yes."

"And you ought to have held it for inquiry?"

"We have our rules."

"And they are mighty impudent rules, let me tell you! The post office department needs overhauling, and I'll help to see it done!"

The next day the man returned, this time with a smile on his face, and said:

"You remember I was speaking about an unstamped letter?"

"Yes."

"I was much put out."

"Yes."

"Well, I want to apologize. That letter was directed to an acquaintance. In it I called him a liar and a horse-thief. Last night I found out that I was mistaken. He hasn't got the letter and won't get it, and so won't know anything about it. The post office department is all right. Rules are all right. Clerks are all right. Have a cigar and press on to promotion and increased salary."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Was Excused.

"Excuse me," he said as he bit off the end of a cigar and held out his hand to secure a light from the other, who was smoking.

"Beg pardon."

"I said excuse me."

"Oh, certainly. Always willing to excuse."

And he took the fresh cigar, lighted it, threw his old stub away, and as he began on the new one he walked off with the remark:

"Very good cigar, sir—very good. Of course I'll excuse you."

Shop Etiquette.

A prominent leader of fashion in London (the wife of a duke well known in sporting circles) having occasion to return an article she had bought at a large drapery establishment, was asked by the polite and mellifluous floor walker: "Which of our gentlemen had the honor of serving your grace?"

The lady looked at him with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, and indicating a certain assistant, replied diffidently and modestly:

"Well, sir, I am not quite sure, but I rather think it was that nobleman with the bald head."

Choosing a Profession.

Pretty Girl—I have called, sir, to ask if I am beautiful enough for the stage!

Theatrical Manager (kindly)—No-o, my child, yours is not a good stage face; but don't despair. You would be a brilliant success as a type writer.

Cause and Effect.

Enamored Youth—Your father seems worried about something to-night.

Sweet girl—Yes, poor pa, has so many business cares.

Little Brother—That ain't it. He's mad because the big dog he bought didn't come.

Successful Physicians.

Doctor's Wife—I understand that Dr. Cureall confines himself strictly to office practice.

Old Doctor—Yes; that is why he succeeds. People who are able to walk to an office are generally strong enough to get well without help.

Literary.

Miss Ritta—Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Drestbeeph?

Mr. Drestbeeph (of the Chicago Browning Society)—Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well; but I came across some poems by a fellow named Chaucer the other day, and he carries it too far.—*Life.*

Science Halts.

Layman—I understand that you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs!

Great Scientist (proudly)—I have.

Layman—Have you found a remedy for any of them?

Great Scientist—Well, no; but I have succeeded in finding good long names for them all.

Dress Makes the Man.

Customer—See here! I've only worn these pants one day, and they already bag at the knees.

Dealer—Yah, das vas recht. Dose is our patent knee-stretching pants vat make eff'ry gustomer of ours look like a literary man. See! You vear dose pants, mien frient, and folks dake you vor Sharles Dickens or Shakesbeare.

The Crown Perfumery Co's
DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
EXTRA CONCENTRATED
"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—Court Journal
SOLD EVERYWHERE
177 NEW BOND ST LONDON.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
We want agents at home and to travel. Our reliable agents in each county to distribute our circulars, posters, and catalogues of watches, etc. Circulars to be distributed everywhere. Steady employment. WAGES $2.50 PER DAY. Expenses advanced. Sole work all or part of the time. Address with stamp BRISCK & CO., Toronto, Canada.
No attention paid to postal cards.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCTIONS OF CELEBRATED PAINTINGS
Both ancient and modern, in different sizes, by the
SOULE PHOTO. CO. OF BOSTON
OFFICE FOR CANADA:
36 King Street East - - Toronto
Catalogue of subjects 25c. Call and see samples.

Country And City.

Miss Sheafe—Ah, look at the wheat rising and falling yonder in the breeze! How beautiful! Mr. Weetpit—Ah, but you ought to see it rising and falling in the Produce Exchange.—*Puck.*

Housecleaning Time.

LADIES! LOOK HERE!
What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?
For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.
I. PICOT
PARIS, FRANCE.

COOKING RANGES

Gurney's Grand Duchess
Gurney's Model Standard (Steel Range)
Gurney's Home Standard (Round Fire Pot Range)
THE FINEST LINE IN THE WORLD

Intending Visitors to the Paris Exhibition and the Continent
WILL REQUIRE

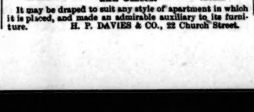
BASKET TRUNKS
BASKET TRUNKS
BASKET TRUNKS
CABIN BAGS
CABIN BAGS
CABIN BAGS
STATEROOM TRUNKS
STATEROOM TRUNKS
STATEROOM TRUNKS
H. E. CLARKE & CO., 105 KING STREET WEST

J. W. Cheeseworth
MERCHANT TAILOR
106 King St. West
SPECIAL LINE OF
SCOTCH AND IRISH SUITINGS
Just opened this week. Suitable for present wear.

SOCIETY REGALIAS
Fancy Ball Costumes
Art Needle Work and Supplies
Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.
Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.
AT
W. C. MORRISON'S
161 King Street West

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowly, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.



It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made an admirable auxiliary to its furniture.
H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

KINDLING WOOD
DRY
Delivered prices, C. O. D., viz.:
13 Crates, $2; 6 Crates, $1; 3 Crates, 60 cents
Send post card or call at YEILL & HARVIE'S, 30 Sheppard Street. Telephone No. 1070.

FINE ENGLISH WORSTED PANTS
Made to order and got up in first class style
FOR $5.00
Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed
AT
B. SPAIN'S
TEMPLE OF FASHION
569 Queen Street West--New No.

OUR CELEBRATED "GOLD LABEL"

IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY
O'KEEFE & CO.
Brewers, Maltsters & Bottlers
SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottles. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.

PROF. & MME. HOUSEMAN
(LATE OF WASHINGTON)

Chiropodist and Manicure
228 YONGE STREET
Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Corns, etc., successfully treated. Skilful and superior treatment at moderate charges.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1889. [No. 30

The Annual Exodus.

The annual midsummer exodus of most of those whose business and means will permit of their spending a few weeks in the country, at the seaside or in Europe has now fairly set in. Of late years the respective advantages and drawbacks of the fashionable summer outing have been a good deal discussed and something like a re-action against the practice has been noticeable. "Why," it has been argued with some reason, "should a well-to do family leave their comfortable city residence on a shady street to crowd into narrow stuffy rooms at a fashionable resort where they will have to endure inconveniences they would not for a moment think of submitting to at home, where they will be stifled with heat, bitten by mosquitoes or other insects, snubbed by purse-proud acquaintances, slighted by impertinent or neglectful waiters and finally charged an exorbitant figure for all these discomforts!" There is much sound sense in this view and the summer jaunt is not now deemed so strictly essential to first-class social standing as it was at one time. People are not afraid to stay at home for fear they should be considered too poor or stingy to go away, and boldly defend the practice on the ground of superior comfort and freedom from annoyance. Nevertheless there is much to be said on the other side. It is folly, of course, to rush off anywhere with the sole idea of getting out of town for a few weeks, and expect an equal degree of comfort to that afforded by a luxurious home; or to follow the crowd to a popular summer resort just because of the name of the thing. But with a little discrimination and careful enquiry, every one desirous of enjoying country air or lake breezes during the heated term, can easily find plenty of places where there is abundance of room and every reasonable accommodation at a moderate price. Everybody who lives in a city is the better for getting out of the dust and smoke, the din and the crowd for a few weeks in the year. It is a healthy, natural instinct which bids us seek rest and recuperation, after the fatigues and cares of business, among the fields and woods. But the mistake has been that instead of seeking the freedom of nature, too many have made the summer holiday a season of worry and excitement by trying to take their pleasure in overcrowded resorts and plunging into a whirl of entertainments and fashionable dissipations. It is no wonder that they re turn jaded and fatigued, and are disposed to vote summer vacations a failure.

Woman's Love.

As mankind ascends the steps of progressive development and mounts to grander heights and finer conceptions, the divinity of womanhood is realized more and more. No man can ever possess a full rounded character whose life has not been hallowed by the love of one pure, good woman. And there is more strengthening and support in a pair of those soft, white arms than there is in braces of iron and girders of steel. In the daydaws of youth, when the kindling vision sweeps the plains of futurity and sees only the blazonry of hopeful promise, the young man weds some damsel on whose tender cheek the dews of morn are still a-tremble. Then come the years of toil and labor, the cares and the worries, the joys and the disappointments. Man is prone to selfishness, and is too near-sighted to observe the hand that bears the cooling chalice to the fevered lips. But to the woman he is all in all. She has not a thought higher that his dear head, for that is, to her, as high as heaven. But every day he learns a truer and more unconscious appreciation of her devotion. On the threshold of his home, be it palace or cottage, he expects to see her waiting to welcome him when the toils of the day are over. There is something in her very presence—something soothing and refreshing. And her voice is dearer to him than all the melodies of the earth and sea and sky combined. Anticipating his smallest wishes, she teaches him to expect all that is best in life through her tender hands. And a man—if he be a man—is devoted and glorified by these pure and holy influences. As the years go by, even the fires of adversity but weld in closer union these two hearts. The sunlight of prosperity but causes each heart to throw out new tendrils that become so wreathed and intertwined as to make of the twain but one perfect being, just as God, in His all wise providence, intended should be the result of wedded life. The man who is incapable of that pure and lofty appreciation of woman's love, is incapable of feeling the thrill of that noble intellectuality which is but a foretaste of joys that are to come in a world where the souls of these pure and tender wives and mothers shall shine with a luster unequalled by the concentrated splendor of a hundred suns.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

To men addicted to delights business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application: "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do."

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction and render deformity itself agreeable.

So the great Gilmore, with his great band, his great soloists, his anvils and his cannon have come, have seen, and have conquered. Well no! he did not conquer altogether, for there is one dauntless soul who has utterly refused to be captured by the salvos of artillery. He has rushed into print and appealed to our modern civilization to exclude from such concerts a barbarism "as coarse as could be found in any pagan land!" Surely this is æstheticism run mad! Keep your eye on this gentleman, for if he keeps on in this line he will banish the drums, the cymbals, and the triangle, for they are all barbaric and much older than the much abused gunpowder. He gets a little mixed, too, at times; for instance he speaks of cultured ears which to them are "destitute of any meaning." If these are as "destitute of meaning" as is this sentence, they must be long ears indeed.

Let such as he rail as they will, they cannot rob Gilmore or his band of their excellence. For excellent they both are beyond question. Though not composed of the full strength which he employs in his summer concerts at Manhattan Beach, the band is still wonderful in its rich, mellow tone and perfect blending, and in its thoroughly truthful intonation. The noble Robespierre and Tannhæuser overtures, the Prophete selections, and the Tell ballet music have never been equalled here in the history of military band music, in richness and gorgeous variety of expression and tone color. I was particularly struck by this in the Robespierre overture, written by one who is called the Wandering Jew of Music. Sometimes a man has one, and only one, great idea, but it is hard to believe that the mind that could conceive this overture has not produced other work as good. And yet this man Litolff can find neither publisher nor manager to take his works. The accepted orchestration of the Liszt Rhapsodies has been followed in the instrumentation used by Gilmore, and a splendid success was made of the great Second.

The piano pieces are clever puzzles in instrumentation, though the movements from the Sonata Pathetique did not impress me very favorably. One misses the heart and head of one individual who is the interpreter of Beethoven, and one hears instead only the sound of many. But who can forget the merry twinkle of the Rondo Capriccioso. This was, to my mind, the best of these efforts. The usual popular trifles, for which Gilmore has become famous were not wanting on Thursday and Friday last, but they had an addition which was particularly under the British flag. This was The Charge of the Light Brigade. That man, Puerner, has written many clever eccentricities, but The Charge is the climax of all. It is the maddest rush and rattle we have ever heard, and when the three final cheers and Rule Britannia are heard, the audience is drunken with enthusiasm and patriotism. It was played seven times in four concerts, and it may not be high-class music, but I, for one, would like to hear it again. Another clever thing was the imitation of the styles of well-known composers.

I have often been asked during the last fortnight, "Do you think that Gilmore really is a musician, or is he only a clever business man who conducts only good players?" I watched Gilmore pretty closely while he was here, and my opinion is that he is a thorough musician as a conductor. He conducts countless pieces from memory, gives the cues to his men, and draws out a wealth of expression, correct in sentiment and artistic taste, in a manner that is only possible to a musician with heart and soul and knowledge. That he is a clever business man who knows and meets the popular taste, and that he has sense enough to engage only good musicians should not be charged against him. His programmes here were singularly free from the catch-penny business.

The soloists were an agreeable change from those who were with the band last year. Campanini sang the Salve Dimora with exquisite taste and finish, and for his encore sang poor Brignoli's old favorite, Gomez' Dormi Pure. Del Puente was similarly happy with Il Balen and the Toreador. His singing of the latter is unsurpassable, but the beautiful voice is beginning to show signs of wear. In Mme. Stone-Barton (a sister of Agnes and Marie, well-known in light opera) I heard the first artist whose voice reminded me of Mme. Parepa. It has the same rich yet liquid purity that the lamented singer's possessed. Mme. Barton is not unlike her in appearance, though not so tall. She sang Una Voce extremely well, but her best effort was made in Proch's La Stella. She sang her runs with the greatest facility and certainty, and high notes C and D were beautiful, clear and true in tone and pitch.

Signorina De Vere is a most charming singer, born in New Orleans. A New York critic says of her: "She gives delight to the critical, but for some reason or other does not profoundly impress the average audience." I can agree with him on the first point, for her singing is simply delightful. There is a wonderful purity and freedom of tone, rich in sympathetic quality, and with an evidently artistic temperament, the young lady charmed all her hearers, so that for once she captured the average audience. She gave an exquisite rendering of the Bird Song, from La Perle du Bresil. Mr. Whitney sang I'm a Roamer magnificently, and his three Fishers was a model of noble pathetic singing. Signor De Danckwardt did not impress me so favorably. His voice has range, strength and brilliancy, but seems to lack sweetness, and in its upper notes has a decided dulness of tone. Messrs. Blight and Warrington rendered able assistance in the concerted music, and afforded another instance of the fact that in certain classes of vocal enterprise, Toronto need not be ashamed of her local men. A most satisfactory feature of the concerts was given in the fine accompaniments played by Sig. Ferrari.

The Philharmonic Society was a strong feature in the success of the concerts, but where on earth were the conductors when the Lucia sextette was being sung? The society foundered hopelessly through the first part, but came in gallantly at the finish. Mr. Torrington may well be proud of the splendid manner in which the Gloria and the Tannhæuser chorus were sung. The former especially, though sung at a matinee with insufficient men, was the finest bit of singing I have heard the Philharmonic Society do. Not so good was the Marche Romaine, which I think Mr. Gilmore took much too leisurely. The Hallelujah and Heavens are Telling choruses also were splendidly sung. The attendance was large at all the concerts, and has afforded another argument for the building of a music hall. Where would these audiences have been in the Pavilion, especially now when the grounds are open and outside tickets are free? If we had a proper music hall, such a combination as the Philharmonic and Thomas' or the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be possible, and then we *would* have oratorio performances!

Signorina De Vere and Signor Del Puente have been engaged to sing with Patti next year. Mme. Scalchi and Sig. Tamagno, a $2,000 per night tenor, will also be of the party.

The Toronto Vocal Society with commendable enterprise will spend a day at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Friday next, and will give a concert at the Chautauqua Pavilion in the evening, leaving the old capital at 9.15. Its best selections will be given, and solo talent will be engaged for the occasion.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Hearts of Oak is being played at the Toronto Opera House this week by a fairly good company. Mr. Jas. A. Herne as Terry Denison is the leading man and does his work pretty well. Miss Agnes Hamlin makes a bright and attractive Chrystal and little Julia A. Herne is a decided success. She makes the part of Little Chrystal very taking. The play is pretty well mounted.

Some enterprising people in St. John, N. B., known as the Micawber Club have leased the Lansdowne Roller Rink in that city, and fitted it up as a summer theater. It is run with a stock company under the management of E. A. McDowell. Leading actors and actresses will be in their specialties supported by the stock company. It is the intention to produce all the latest New York successes. Mr. McDowell will be well remembered in Toronto, having managed the old Royal Lyceum for a time.

The veteran actor, John Gilbert, died at Boston on Monday after a long illness.

A London paper speaks of Mr. Kyrle Bellew as Mrs. Potter's Little Lord Fauntleroy.

It is reported that Rose Coghlan and her husband, Clinton Edgerly, have entered into an agreement to hereafter live apart.

The first minstrel performance ever given by an organized band of negroes occurred at Macon, Ga., July 4, 1865.

Coquelin says: "America has some of the best, the very best actors of the day. Booth, Lawrence Barrett, magnificent. And among the women, Mary Anderson, and the leading lady of Daly's troupe, Ada Rehan, I consider one of the most remarkable comedienses of the day."

Kyrle Bellew is far from being an effeminate man. In spite of his exceedingly fine cut features, those who know him have reason to admire his figure when unstripped as a splendid exhibition of an athlete who measures forty inches around the chest.

The dress circle seats in the new Garrick Theater in London are provided with a neat little silk pocket wherein to place the programme. Underneath the seat is a convenient box-like aperture for hats and coats. The seats in this part of the house do not turn up, sufficient space being allowed for ingress and egress between each row. The pit, underneath the dress circle, has comfortable turn-up seats, and to each of them is affixed a loose cord whereon to hang a coat or any other wrap, and an iron ring to hold the umbrella or stick.

It is reported that two new society stars will ere long illumine the theatrical world with their silvery light. These are Mrs. Snell-McCrea of Chicago and Miss Eliza Lawrence Parker of Virginia. If the rhapsodies of the New York *Sun* mean anything Lily Langtry and Mrs. Potter had better sell out. Mrs. Snell-McCrea is thus described: "This sweet little woman, who is barely out of her teens, has every thing that people get crazy about. In the first place, she has beauty of the most bewitching sort. Her eyes are as big as chocolate bon bons, and as brown; the tints of her complexion would compliment a blooming rose bush, and Cupid in his most captivating role never had a fluffier, yellower, curlier shock of hair. Her feet are photographed in Sir John Suckling's immortal verse, and her hands were only made for jewels to shine upon and cavaliers to sue for. She has the daintiest kind of a figure, and no matter what she dresses it in she is a dream for a poet, a study for an artist, and an altogether irresistible bit of beauty. In the recent settlement of the Snell estate this fascinating midget received a quarter of a million dollars in her own right, which she is spending in her own wild way, and with which she will make her *entree* to the footlights. The same glowing pen writes as follows of the fair Virginian. Personally Miss Parker is exceedingly handsome, of majestic figure with that loveliness of throat, wrist, hands, feet, and head that in fiction stamps the thoroughbred every time. She is of the brunette type, with Spanish eyes of rapturous brilliancy. In an evening toilet, with her delicate throat and smooth brown neck and arms gleaming in the gas light, she is an ideal queen of the tropics.

The following extract published in *Book Chat* and taken from a new American novel entitled Grisette gives an excellent picture of a type of theatrical exhibition too well known on this continent. This is the kind of show which by its utter inanity and unqualified vulgarity does more than anything else to bring the drama into disrepute and to negative the efforts of those who are trying to make the stage an educative factor. The performers taking part in it are usually men and women too lazy to make a living by honest toil, without ambition and actuated first, last and always by sordid considerations. Their ignorance and vulgarity are only lost sight of in the magnitude of their colossal assurance:

"The orchestra played an overture. It consisted mainly of a wild struggle of sound between a bass-drum, a cymbal, a cornet, a fife, and two violins. The first thing on the bill was a farce called The Agreeable Household. When the curtain rolled up, a draught of cold air that carried off the greater part of the smoke, came from the stage. The players could be seen, but could hardly be heard. The fun of The Agreeable Household was supposed to lie in the eccentricities of a husband and wife, who continually contradicted one another, and a negro servant who tried to act as adviser to both.

"Next on the programme was Mr. Adolphus Leslie, who came out in evening dress and sang in a broken tenor voice.

"The balcony and gallery applauded vociferously, but Adolphus Leslie did not respond to a call for an encore. According to programme, Miss Dollie Douglas, song and dance artist, was to appear after Mr. Adolphus Leslie. But Jack Trim, the stage manager, came out and announced that Miss Dollie Douglas was ill and begged to be excused. There were hisses and cat calls. Sherry and Shake, a popular variety team, appeared on the stage and soon drowned them. They bowed and set about their business in a matter-of-fact way. They made music with bits of wood, big bells, horns, toy dogs, guitars, accordeons, and flung into their work the roughest horse play and buffooney. They banged and whacked at one another. They kicked one another, drew chairs from under one another. And their witticisms and humorous stories were as hard and bold as their antics and their knocks. But the gallery was delighted, and Sherry and Shake had to come out repeatedly and do more tricks, and say more idiotic things.

"After an interim, during which the flute, fife, cornet, bass-drum, and cymbal in the orchestra did their worst, Mr. Tim Merry, in a white flannel suit, with a straw hat on his head, stepped briskly from the wings. He had his banjo under one arm and the leg of a stool under the other. The house burst into applause. Tim Merry sat down on the stool, crossed his legs, began to tune his banjo, let his long, bony finger ramble over the strings, cast his small, quick eyes into the gallery, and then, after clearing his throat, sang a song like this:

"'Gone am de days
When my heart was young and gay:
Gone am my friends
From the cotton-fields away;
Gone from dis world
To a better land I know;
I hear dere gentle voices calling
Old Black Joe.'

"The plunk, plunk, plunk of Merry's banjo timed admirably with this weird negro lament in doggerel. The gallery denizens were delighted. When Merry finished thissong, keeping time with his foot, he preluded again, and after letting the applause subside, he began another. Tim Merry sang five or six verses of this, bowed, and walked slowly off the stage. But the house wouldn't have it. Merry had to come out again. He made a grimace that raised a laugh all round, put his banjo up again, and gave them this:

"'I went down to Sherphead Bay,
Don't you know?
On a sure tip made a play,
Don't you know?
As I watched him through my glass,
First the wire I thought he'd pass—
But he stopped to nibble grass—
Don't you know?'

"The gods whistled, cheered, hi-hied, and stamped. There were several other entertainers on the boards—a contortionist, a couple of jig dancers."

Dangerous Ground.

They were getting a kindergarten lesson. The teacher took them as very simple subjects. She touched a table.

"What is this?"

"Wood."

"What is this?" she asked as she touched the fender.

"Iron."

"What is this?" and she took up an acid bottle.

"Glass."

"What is this?" and she touched her watch chain.

"Brass," said one small boy, and she changed the subject.

A Commendable Ailment.

First Omahan—The doctor says my Jersey cow has the ague. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

Second Omahan—No; but the idea is a good one. You can have a milk shake whenever you wish.

It Was Largely Force of Habit.

"Papa," said the fair girl, with a touch of sadness in her tones, "I have received a note from William saying you kicked him as he left the house last night."

"Yes," replied papa, "I have always paid your expenses, and I footed this Bill merely to be consistent."—*Drake's Magazine.*

She Would Go.

Miss Gotham—You'll join our theater party to-night, of course, Miss Wabash?

Miss Wabash (of Chicago)—What is the play?

Miss Gotham—Pygmalion.

Miss Wabash—Yes, indeed, with pleasure! You know papa is in the pork business.

Learning By Rote.

Little Sister—I know what "learnin' by rote' means.

Little Brother—So do I. It means learnin' a thing the way the feller wrote it.

A Fearful Threat.

Irate Suburban Resident—See here! If you don't stop getting out that infernal lawn mower of yours every morning at four o'clock, I'll—I'll——

Next-door Neighbor (defiantly)—Well, what'll you do?

I. S. R.—I'll—I'll start my daughter to practicing on the piano every morning before breakfast.

The Life of Man.

Original Irish manuscript found in Trinity College, Dublin, thought to be written by one of the Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid about A.D. 544, and sung and chanted at the assembly of kings, chieftains and bards held in the halls of Tara. Translated by Dr. O'Donovan.

Like a damask rose you see
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like a dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made,
Even such is man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom wasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man, he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan.
Even such is man who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew descended.
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing in the sand,
Or like a thought or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream.
Even such is man who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's burst, the lock forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like the race or like the goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole.
Even such is man whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear or like a plum.
Even such is man who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but to day and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves and so must all.

Quicksands.

The red moon shines o'er the quiet sea;
The lady sits in her castle hall;
The dying wind sighs mournfully.
Hark, hark! to the death-bird's warning call,
While foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Ah, lady fair, you must wait in vain!
With flashing blades the rivals stand,
Where the sea is foiled to the golden sand,
And the wind groans out like a soul in pain.
The bright, keen blades in the moonbeams play—
The moon wears the hue of blood to-night—
And the rivals pant in the deadly fray,
But the castle hall is warm and bright.
A slip, and a flash of a blade so keen,
A felon stroke and a dying groan,
And a cloud comes the sea and the moon between;
But the raven's eye the deed hath seen,
And the tide hath turned, and the surges moan.
And the witch of the ocean weaves her spell,
And the lonely lady sits and sighs,
And the death-bird shrieks the dead man's knell,
And the tides runs in, and the winds arise.

The dark-browed victor brooding stands—
Fair is the dead in the moon's weird glow—
The rippling waves kiss the shifting sands,
The dark-plumed night-bird hovers low.
The tide rolls in, and the sands give way!
He starts too late—'tis too late for flight,
And the dark, proud face grows wan and gray;
But the hungry sands sink down thirsty prey,
And the moon shines down with a blood-red light.
But the waters raise the golden head;
The dead man floats on the buoyant wave,
While the victor sinks 'neath the quicksands dread,
To an awful fate—to an unknown grave.
The lady looks from the casement high,
Though her lover's fate she may not know.
But she hears the raven's solemn cry,
And her heart grows cold—she knows not why—
As his form floats past on the wave below,
And the winds are up, and the wild waves moan,
And the lady waits in the castle hall,
And the sea witch weaves her spell alone,
And the death-bird hovers over all.

The Spring Down in the Dell.

Though years have glided like a dream
Since I strolled by thy side,
Yet still, thou little rippling stream,
I've thought of thee with pride,
And blessed thee, as I bless thee now—
Oh! I remember well
How thou didst cool my fevered brow,
Dear spring down in the dell!

On many a golden summer hour
I laid me down to rest,
Where every wind would throw a shower
Of blossoms on my breast.
The spangled flowers grew around—
Oh! I remember well
The mossy rocks, the velvet ground,
The spring down in the dell!

The waters sparkled in my cup,
And flashed along the rim,
And when I raised it gladly up,
And broke its dimpled brim,
Far sweeter than the Samian wine—
Oh! I remember well!
Was that bright crystal wave of thine,
Dear spring down in the dell!

And, mirrored in thy mimic glass,
I've watched the artless grace
Of many a dark-eyed village lass,
As she did kiss thy face,
And I have envied thee thy lot—
Oh! I remember well!
Thou wilt not, canst not, be forgot
Sweet spring down in the dell!

Noted People.

President Carnot of France strongly favors capital punishment.

The Empress of Germany has received a necklace valued at $150,000, the gift of the Sultan of Turkey.

The Emperor of Germany, it is said, does not intend to pay a visit to London during his stay in England.

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is going abroad in June, and is said to have accepted a position in a young women's boarding school in London.

Lord Tennyson is now in much better health than for a long time past. The question as to who his successor in the laureateship will be furnishes a theme for much speculation. Though the duties of the laureate are not onerous, his equal as a poet has not yet turned up.

It is said that M. Gounod, the composer, who is a man of intense religious convictions, once spent an hour upon his knees praying for the conversion of Sarah Bernhardt, in that lady's presence. Sarah's response was short but not very sweet, and at last she had to turn him out of her house.

Lady Colin Campbell is about to publish a novel which is expected to create a sensation, as it is said that not only will certain literary and political circles be portrayed but that certain prominent people will be sketched with sufficient accuracy to be recognized by those familiar with them. Lady Colin is spoken of as a delightful writer.

There is a little green mound and humble marble slab in a secluded corner of Otterbein Cemetery, about twelve miles north of Columbus, Ohio, which marks the grave of the author of that famous ballad, Darling Nellie Gray. A visitor to that spot learns from the inscription on the stone that it is the last resting place of Benjamin Russell Hanby.

With a touch of, perhaps, unintentional satire, Lady Randolph Churchill, in complimenting Russian ladies upon their brilliant conversational and social talents, says that their society acts like a tonic upon minds accustomed to the moral and physical fogs of London. Can Lady Randolph mean mental and physical, or is her estimate of the morals of Mayfair really as low as it would seem?

Among the Queen's birthday presents this year was a bouquet of orchids of such rare and beautiful species, that its value—although not a very large posy—was something enormous. One authority declares that this bunch of flowers was priced at two thousand pounds! Anyway, it pleased the Queen immensely, for Her Majesty lixes orchids and is by no means insensible to the gratification of receiving gifts beyond purchase for an ordinary birthday heroine.

Speaking of the Prince of Wales an American newspaper man now in London says: "Personally there is not a better fellow walking on Broadway. He is an all-around man, and his accurate knowledge of all sorts of subjects is simply phenomenal. Talk with him on yachting, hunting, sport of any kind, the theater, current literature or art, and he is thoroughly posted. Home and foreign politics he has at his fingers' ends, and he knows what is going on all over the world. He would make an ideal editor. He's an indefatigable worker and he'd be a whole staff in himself."

Count Tolstoi, the Russian author, like Mark Twain, can't write in a fixed-up room. His study is devoid of carpets, paintings or statuary. An old lounge, two unpretentious tables littered with manuscripts of all kinds, and two stiff-backed chairs constitute the only furniture in the room. The room is divided into two compartments by an unpainted wooden partition, which runs half way up to the ceiling, and from which depend two wooden rakes—used by Tolstoi in his garden. In one corner stands a wooden spade—above it, hanging from a wooden peg, Tolstoi's great overcoat.

An English paper recalls the following story of an ex-Governor-General: Lord Dufferin, to whom such a brilliant reception was given the other day in the city, is one of the few English noblemen who can justly lay claim to the possession of that most valuable of gifts—tact. Tact he has, and the Canadians still laugh over a little incident that brought that quality to the fore while he was their Governor-General. The fishery difficulty was at that time a burning question between Canada and the United States and just then they were coming dangerously near to blows. Lord Dufferin chose this moment for paying a friendly visit to the States, where he soon contrived to win golden opinions on all sides. Upon his return, Canadian politicians flocked eagerly around him, inquiring what the Americans had said about the fisheries. The Governor-General looked at them in profound astonishment, and solemnly replied, "Fisheries! You do not suppose I went there to discuss fisheries? Gentlemen, I assure you, so careful was I to avoid the very name that, during the whole time I was in the States, I declined taking fish at dinner."

Lord Brassey has just fitted up a most interesting room in his house with a collection of the valuable curiosities gathered by him and Lady Brassey during their voyage around the world in the Sunbeam. The decorations and panellings of the room are made of sandal wood and teak. The room is deliciously fragrant, while the subdued colors of the walls and aisles form a beautiful background. The collection of shells and seaweed and treasures of the deep is perhaps the most interesting of all, and the electric light is arranged so as to shine behind large pieces of coral, delicate shells and transparent seaweed, giving them a peculiarly beautiful and fairylike appearance. The wonderful feather cloak given to Lady Brassey in the Sandwich Islands is also exhibited, the only other one in existence being the one given to Captain Cook, and now in the British Museum. The museum is intended to be a memorial of Lady Brassey, who collected most of the things, which she always hoped some day to have gathered together in London, where they would be an interest and amusement to many people—rich and poor—to whom she was so good a friend.

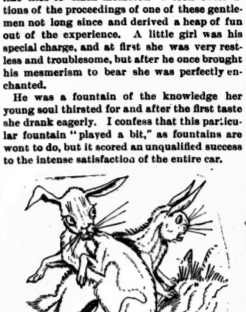
A Study in Black and White.

For Saturday Night.

Did any of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT ever attempt the study of the manifold peculiarities of those ebony essences of politeness, the porters on a first class train? If not, they should, for there are dark fields to be explored, and the performance is sure to prove highly interesting. With Stanley hunting for something unknown to the world generally, but mighty apt to be beneficial to Stanley; with Stevens hunting Stanley, and the New York *World* hunting notoriety aided by Stanley, Stevens, and circumstances, African exploration is certainly in order, and there are portions of Africa to be found on the different railways that will give an ordinary person all the exploring he can attend to without neglecting his other business. These Afro-Canadian officials are a marvel. Where they get their inexhaustible stock of politeness and even temper has always been a puzzle to me, and how they get it inside of their clothes without crowding out the rest of 'em is a still greater one. Ask one of them anything you will, no matter whether he, or for that matter you, know what the question means, and it's ten to one the answer will be "Yes sah," accompanied with an inimitable sort of salute known only to your polite negro. He may vary the reply, but only to "Yes, madam," when the salute is still more pronounced. In fact they have a stock of graded salutes, according to sex, rank, or appearance—if the latter happens to be rank it is a jerk that takes the nerve out of a man as quick as a hangman's rope. They are wonderful judges of character, and can hit a fellow-creature's weak spot with an accuracy that would put Cupid to the blush, and they are, withal, as urbane as a Chinese idol. If you think an Ethiopian can't change his spots, notice him when he spots your fancied weak points and finds out he's made a mistake—he can change spots, or anything but a quarter of a dollar after he's brushed you down in the morning. And then the magnificent manner in which he magnetizes you for 25c. worth after he has given the last flourish with his brush. He never says a word except, "Thank you, sah," and he has to say that nine times out of ten attempts. He comes with a hardly perceptible flash to the "ready," as the brush makes the last sweep; but he never extends his hand until you offer the quarter. That would be altogether bad form. He just looks at you with a look that burns the fact into your soul that you're a "Gemman if you do, and you're no good if you don't;" and if the quarter is not yielded up, you go away feeling mean all through, and if you give it to him—he earned it. He made up your berth, cleaned your boots properly, rubbed you down in the morning and attended to all your wants, or would have done so had you asked him, and done it pleasantly, and the quarter is richly deserved. He is great on any of the short runs, but he is nonplussed on an extended trip, say across the continent. Before you have journeyed two days with him

he's your grandfather, or your uncle, or whoever has your well—fare most at heart, he knows just what you like and just what you don't like, and you'll have one or other, with a certainty of the former, if you treat him half decently. On such trips there are sure to be children aboard, and with them he is omnipotent, a pillar of cloud by day to guide them aright, and he can tell the youngsters more yarns then could be unravelled out of sixteen pairs of old socks. His sweetness of temper and smooth way of doing things fascinate the little ones in brief order and they stick to him like flies to black molasses. I took observations of the proceedings of one of these gentlemen not long since and derived a heap of fun out of the experience. A little girl was his special charge, and at first she was very restless and troublesome, but after he once brought his mesmerism to bear she was perfectly enchanted.

He was a fountain of the knowledge her young soul thirsted for and after the first taste she drank eagerly. I confess that this particular fountain "played a bit," as fountains are wont to do, but it scored an unqualified success to the intense satisfaction of the entire car.



"I dot a pet wabbit at 'ome!"

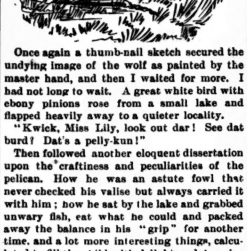
"Deed yo' has, Miss Lily, deed yo' has."

"Tell me story about wabbits."

Then he looked out over the boundless prairie while he mused on what he might happen to know about them. Something in the grass no doubt, so to speak, "brought back his bunny to him," for presently he began and unfolded a tale about rabbits and their ways the like of which was never dreamed of by the most rabid romancer that ever burrowed into the mysteries of nature. Everything was warren-ted too, and as he waxed eloquent upon "de length ob dere years, an' how skeerful dey were," etc., I just drew a picture of a pair of his rabbits for the benefit of science.

"I se dot a pitter-book 'bout 'little Yed Yidinghood an' a woof."

He made no effort to keep the wolf from the door but welcomed him in to entertain his wee white lamb forthwith, and smoothly as oil he switched off from rabbit to wolf and drew a glowing picture of the prairie prowler, dilating upon its sagacity and "lowin' dat yo' nebber trap one ob dem no how, dey was so terr'ble crafty."



Once again a thumb-nail sketch secured the undying image of the wolf as painted by the master hand, and then I waited for more. I had not long to wait. A great white bird with ebony pinions rose from a small lake and flapped heavily away to a quieter locality.

"Kwick, Miss Lily, look out dar! See dat burd? Dat's a pelly-kun!"

Then followed another eloquent dissertation upon the craftiness and peculiarities of the pelican. How he was an astute fowl that never checked his valise but always carried it with him; how he sat by the lake and grabbed unwary fish, eat what he could and packed away the balance in his "grip" for another time, and a lot more interesting things, calculated to fill the child with delight and Ananias with an undying envy.

At a little way-side station a cowboy rode up upon a lively mustang and the sight of him evidently turned the sable oracle's thoughts into another channel, for as soon as we were fairly under weigh he rode a race with fancy and detailed an old-time experience of his, before cowboys had got used to colored porters.

"Dey am terr'ble, shuah 'nuff! One' frowed his lasso fo' me once, jus' fo' a lark, 'an drug me cl'ar across de prairie. Doant yo' nebber marry no cowboy, Miss Lily, doant yo', hones', dey ain't fit to live, dey ain't!"

And so it went on until finally the end of our trip was reached. The child was packed so full of interesting information that I doubt if they ever got her clothes off whole, though certainly "whole cloth" had been the rule. She cried lustily when she parted with her counsellor and friend, and the last seen of him he was leaning resignedly upon a handy support, with a well earned guerdon in his pocket and one of Lily's father's cigars between his teeth, possibly cogitating upon the chances for the homeward journey. His trip was done, and his duty likewise up to date.

He had simply completed a trip, had made himself as useful and agreeable as his fraternity always do, and cared not a rap what came next. They are wonderful fellows these porters.

ED. W. SANDYS.

After the Reception.

Miss Edgecombe—Do you remember what Dolly Farren had on, Tom?
Her Brother—No; couldn't make out whether it was a love affair with Jenson or just a flirtation with me.—*Judge.*

Art and Artists.

The exhibitions are now over, and I fear that many of our artists still have much of their work on their hands. Art, to a certain extent, brings its own reward; but it brings it to the artist's soul. While, however, that soul still sojourns in "the clay of this earthly tabernacle," a more substantial return is demanded of art than mere pleasure. Even the greatest genius has found it necessary to give all his time to art in order to achieve the highest results. Much more necessary is it then that mediocrity have no avocation if it would produce good work. Therefore, if we would have good art, we must give the artist the means of living in exchange for the product of his skilled hand and brain—not ask him to keep a grocery for a living and paint nice pictures for us to look at after hours.

A great many intelligent people do not know a good picture when they see it. For this they are not more to be blamed than an artist is for not knowing the best kind of soil for raising pumpkins. But it makes them timid in art and when in a gallery of paintings they are chary of treading on dangerous ground. It also tends to make them fight shy of home-made work and with that peculiar, paradoxical idea that everything difficult to obtain is more valuable than that which lies to one's hand, they go abroad, buy a manufactured "old master" at an enormous figure and lug it home to paralyze their envious neighbors and friends. Meanwhile good local work goes begging.

I hear that Mr. Paul Peel has two small but excellent pictures in the Salon this year. One is a nude study and the other, entitled Que la Vie est Amere, shows the interior of an artist's studio with a long-bearded old man, palette and maul stick in hand, peering round his canvas where he discovers his last model weeping bitterly. The model is a little boy of five years who has been posing nude for Cupid. Mr. Peel and our other artists abroad are to be warmly congratulated on the success of their work this year.

Mr. John Tenniel, the veteran cartoonist of *Punch*, has been giving his opinion of the late John Bright, physiognomically considered. No artist has drawn the late statesman's face and figure oftener than Tenniel, his first picture of Bright being drawn thirty-four years ago. He says: "Mr. Bright had very fine eyes and a grand, powerful mouth, as well as a most intellectual one, but his nose was weak. The whole head was full of character, but in that respect it was not nearly so strong as Mr. Gladstone's."

Whether the story is manufactured out of whole cloth or not, I cannot say, but I read that the tailors of London have concluded that the Royal Academicians do not know how to properly portray a sitter's clothes. Incredible as it may seem they assert that last year Mr. Poynter did a portrait of the Earl of Harewood showing "an outside breast pocket on the right side of his coat." The "style, fit and fashioning" of the clothes are unmercifully pulled to pieces and in only one or two pictures, they say, can the materials be recognized. The Academy totters.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's paintings have been on exhibition at the Canadian Institute this week. Mr. Smith wishes to dispose of them before setting out for Paris.

I see that Queen Victoria's selection of the sculptor Boehm for a baronetcy has given much offence to some of the English artists. They accuse him of subordinating his knowledge of art to producing things to suit the Queen.

VAN.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific;
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

When Torrid Phœbus refuses his presence,
And ceases to lamp us with fierce incandescence,
Then you illumine the regions supernal—
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.

Then the victim of hospiceless peregrination
Gratefully hails your minute coruscation;
He could not determine his journey's direction
But for your bright, scintillating protection.

A New Light on the Subject.

A widow whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company 10,000 francs by way of compensation. Shortly afterwards she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg on the same occasion had been paid 20,000 francs. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and trotted off to the offices of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she said. "Here you give 20,000 francs for a leg, and you have only allowed me 10,000 for the loss of my husband."

"Madame," replied one of the clerks, "the reason is quite plain; 20,000 francs won't provide the poor man with a new leg, whereas for 10,000 you can any day get another husband, perhaps a better one."

The lady, who is still young, after a moment's silent reflection walked away apparently satisfied.

Experientia Docet.

Douglas Mactervish—Sandy, remember this, mon. Honesty is aye the best policy.

Sandy—How do ye know, Douglas Mactervish?

Douglas Mactervish—I has tried baith.

Funny Fragments.

"Is your father a man of sedentary habits?"

"Sedentary? Well, I rather fancy he is. He sits on me every time he sees me!"

Rev. Primrose—There is always room at the top, my young friend.

Little Johnnie—Yes, sir. In your case there is room for hair.

Two lovers at parting:

He—Shall you remain true to me, my love, till I return?

She—Ye-e-es; but come back soon!

Diffident Lover—I know that I am a perfect bear in my manner.

She—Sheep, you mean. Bears hug people—you do nothing but bleat!

Bridget—Enjoy slape, is it? The minute I lay down I'm aslape, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoying slape to come in I'd like yez to tell me?

"I suppose you find this to be a hard, hard world, do you not?" she said, as she gave the tramp a loaf of stale bread.

"Yes," answered the tramp, trying to make a dent in the loaf with his knife; "but we frequently strike things that are harder."

She got there—(Elsie and Charlie are out walking).

Elsie—Oh, I feel sick; I am going to faint!

Charlie—Oh, my! What will I do if you do?

Elsie (feebly)—Carry me into that caramel store. (Faints).

"Did your son take a degree in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring.

"No, indeed, he didn't," she replied, with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw."

Mrs. A. (continuing the discussion)—And, pray what age were you, Major B., when you were married?

Major B.—Really, my dear madam, I do not remember with any exactness, but I certainly had not yet reached the age of discretion.

Muttonhedde—Do you know why Harvard College is the greatest repository of learning in the country?

Smith—No, dear boy. Why?

Muttonhedde—Because everybody takes a little knowledge there and nobody yet has ever been known to carry any away. See?

Freddie—Papa, what does "filly" mean?

Papa (willing to give the boy a lift)—A young mare, Freddie.

Freddie—Well, then, what do they call a young cow, papa?

Papa (slightly staggered)—Oh! Ah! a—er—filly *de bœuf.*

Bagley—I saw a melancholy sight a few days ago, a messenger boy standing pensively on a street corner.

Fox—That's nothing.

Bagley—No; but some one had hung on the boy's back a sign that read: "Will move about July 1."

She ordered a fowl for a grand dinner and made the cook bring his purchase for her inspection. She examined it, tossed her head discontentedly and said:

"It is a poor-looking thing!"

"Oh, mum!" said the cook, "when it is fixed up with truffles it will look entirely different. Just like when you put on your diamonds, mum!"

Mr. Banks—Come into this drug store, Harriet, and let's have a glass of soda water."

Mrs. B.—I will, if you promise not to wink. I know what that means, you know.

"All right. I promise."

Mrs. Banks (after leaving the drug store)—What was that spiritus frumenti that you had, George?"

"Spiritus frumenti? That's the Latin for raspberry and cream."

Young Actress (seized with stage fright)—Oh! oh! I'm afraid to go on.

Manager (reassuringly)—Oh, it's all right, my dear; don't trouble about the audience. No one will see you.

"They won't?"

"No; there is a large and fashionable wedding party in one of the grand tier boxes, and they're sure to monopolize every one's attention this evening."

A young dude bargained for and got a light-colored spring overcoat for $4, and walked out of the store admiring himself. In two minutes he came back, and diving his hand into the pocket said to the clothesdealer, holding up two cockroaches:

"See what I found in the pockets!"

"Well," said the seller, "ain't you satisfied? Did you expect to get two canary birds with a $4 overcoat?"

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESEARVED.

CHAPTER XIII.

On seeing Tom Darley Kathleen's first impulse was flight. She turned with a smothered cry, and ran along the terrace towards a side-door which opened into the gardens. But in a few strides Darley had overtaken her up, and, seizing her white arm, held it fast in a grip of iron. She stood still perforce, breathless and panting.

"Why do you run away, Kathie! Are you afraid of me!"

"Leave go of me, Tom!" she cried, struggling to free herself from his grasp. "You hurt me!"

"Will you stay, then, and listen to me?"

"Yes, I will stay; but you can have nothing to say to me. Why do you persecute me!"

"Nothing to say to you, Kathie! What—not when we shall be married so soon!"

She shivered, not with cold, but with repulsion and disgust.

"Tom," she cried, "why do you talk so foolishly! You must see how things are changed. In the old days I was just like one of the village girls, and I did not know that I was different from any of them. Now it is all altered, and I am in a different position. Cannot you give up this foolish idea? I have never thought about marrying you in days gone by. My father would disown me; I myself should be unsuited to you."

Then a passion of rage swept over his dark rough face, his features worked convulsively, his eyes glared at her with something almost of madness in them. Tom Darley had brooded over this one thought so long, had hankered so incessantly for the one thing on earth he loved, that the fierce hunger of his soul had well-nigh unsettled his mind with its fury of unsatisfied desire.

She shrank away from him, terrified at the result of her words. He caught her again by the wrist, and dragged her towards him roughly.

"And you dare to say that to me—you dare to tell me that, Kathie—to show me how bad and base your heart must be! It is you that have changed—nothing else; you have changed because you love money and luxury, and these wretched silks and jewels you are decked in! It's the money that has changed you and spoilt your love for the honest man who has cared for you since you was a baby-girl!"

"Oh, no, no, Tom—it's not that indeed!"

"I might have guessed it. You never wrote to me, nor yet to them as was as good as a father and mother to you, and who are dead and gone."

"I did write once to them, Tom. I was forbidden to write to them; but I managed to do so once. I got no answer, however; and I was dreadfully sorry when I heard of their death. But why should I have written to you!"

"What—not to your lover!"

"Tom, you cannot be my lover! 'It is impossible—I cannot marry you!" she found courage to say.

"What—you disown your promise then? Did you not get the flower that you gave me yourself as to be the token and sign betwixt us! Did that lady give it to you safe!"

"Yes, I got it. But, Tom, that makes no difference. I—I really cannot marry you! Do give it up!"

"Ah, then, I see how it is with you," he said, flinging away her hand—"there is another man who has come between us! I've thought as much when I watched you riding side by side, bending and stooping your heads together! Kathie, as there is a Heaven above us, I'll kill the man that has taken you from me!"

She trembled in every limb.

"No, no, Tom—there is nobody—nobody at all—you are mistaken! There is no one at all, Tom! If you would only be reasonable and understand——"

She wrung her hands distractedly together; it seemed to her that, sooner than bring down this terrible man's revenge upon the man she loved, it would be better for her to make any terms with him—to agree to any fate however dreadful. For that it was Adrian with whom Tom had seen her, it never for one moment occurred to her to doubt. She knew he had seen them together from behind the shelter of the old iron gates on that eventful moonlit night three years before; she believed that he must have recognized him at once when he had lingered by her side in the hunting-field. Her guilty heart told her that it was Sir Adrian alone of all the world who was dear to her, and no other man came for one moment into her thoughts. Her fear for the man she loved made her utterly reckless with regard to everything else. For a few moments she stood silent; it passed rapidly through her mind that Adrian could never be sure—that a gulf wider than death itself parted her forever from him—that her love was hopeless, that she had no real reason to believe that it was returned, although at the bottom of her heart she could not help fancying that he was not indifferent to her. Whether he had loved Lucille or no, it seemed absolutely certain that he would marry her, and that within a very short time, too. "What then," cried the girl to herself, "does it matter what happens to me! So long as he is safe and happy, what does any fate that may befal me signify! From the hour he is married my life ends, and, so long as I can avert evil from his dear head, I care not what misery I bring upon myself!" There was even something fascinating to her in the thought of sacrificing herself for him. He would never know it, but, all the same, he would owe his life to her. A sudden calm fell on her—the calm of despair.

"Look here, Tom," she said quietly—"did you not promise that you would not trouble me until I was one-and-twenty? It wants three months yet to my birthday; it is you therefore who are breaking the contract between us. I am still under age—I can do nothing. Go away quietly, and don't come back to Clortell Towers until I am twenty-one."

"And then you will marry me!" he cried eagerly and gladly.

"And then I will tell my father of my promise to you."

"And you will be my wife!"

She heard a faint sound behind her. Turning her head rapidly, she saw, to her dismay, Sir Adrian Deverell come out on to the far end of the terrace in the moonlight and advance slowly towards them. He carried a cloak on his arm. She guessed that he was looking for her.

Tom did not see him. His eyes lit with a burning passion that fired every nerve in his being, were fixed upon Kathleen's face—they seemed to be devouring her fair beauty; he saw nothing but her—had no ears for anything save for her words.

"You will marry me then—you will swear it to me!" he persisted.

She heard the distant footsteps draw nearer and nearer, every one more distinct than the last in the silence of the frosty air; in another moment not all Tom's absorption in herself would prevent him from becoming aware of his approach. As yet Tom had not seen him; and Adrian, still on the further side of the terrace, had not caught sight of the two figures, who, as they talked, had moved instinctively into the shadow. A perfect panic of terror and despair took possession of her. What catastrophe might a meeting between these two men bring about? What ghastly tragedy might there not be enacted, under her very eyes, upon the steps of her father's house? For all that she knew, Darley was armed and ready to carry out his murderous threats at a moment's notice; whilst Adrian, in his light evening dress-suit, unprotected and unwarned, might in one moment fall an easy victim to his ferocity.

She took Darley by the shoulders, and with all her strength pushed him still farther away, standing herself before him so that her face should conceal the advancing figure behind.

"If you will go now," she cried—"now—this very moment—and not return till my birthday and not trouble me any more, I will swear anything you like!"

"You mean that—will swear to be my wife!"

"Yes, yes—anything you like! Only go, go—now—this moment! Turn round where you are without another word, another look, and go!"

"Swear to be my wife!" he repeated, scarcely believing the evidence of his own ears, and that she of her own free will was binding herself anew to him.

"Yes—I swear it a thousand times over!" she cried, half maddened with terror.

With a short laugh of triumph, Tom Darley turned round without another word, ran down the steps behind him, and disappeared into the deep shadow of the garden.

And those two last sentences—that last question and that last answer—had been overheard with perfect distinctness by Sir Adrian Deverell.

"I fear that I have interrupted an interview of an interesting nature," he began, with cold and distinct politeness; then, suddenly seeing how her slender form swayed, and how she caught at the low wall of the terrace for support, and how she sank back against it, trembling from head to foot, his voice and manner changed, and he exclaimed impetuously, "Good heavens, Kathleen, what has happened to you! What is the matter! And, child, what induced you to stand talking out here with nothing on your neck and shoulders!"

He flung the cloak he carried—which he had brought out on purpose, fearing that in her agitation she might have run out unprotected into the night air—around her, wrapped it closely about her, and holding it with his hands tightly around her shoulders.

"You will catch your death of cold, child! Come in at once!"

Close beside them there was a small side-door, which was frequently left unfastened until a late hour. He opened it, and drew her hastily into the house. On the right of the narrow passage into which it led was a small old-fashioned room which had been once used as a kind of play-room by the dead son of the house. He had been accustomed to sit here and amuse himself with carpentering and carving. Now it was seldom if ever entered. There was no fire; but, after the cold without, it felt warm and comfortable. Adrian struck a match and lit the candles on the mantelpiece. The small room was plainly furnished. There were bookcases all around the walls, a deal table in the center, and two or three straight-backed chairs. Kathleen sank down upon one of them hiding her face in her hands.

Adrian stood for a moment watching her silently. There were grief and disappointment in his face, and, above all, a great yearning misery of powerless longing. After a moment or two he spoke, gently and kindly. He had always been kind and tender to her.

"Kathleen, I must apologize to you. I have unwittingly overheard a piece of news of yours which was not meant for my ears. You were talking just now with some one—with some man. I—I overheard his last words to you and yours." It gave him infinite trouble to say this.

"You heard!" she faltered, as she raised her face, which was white like the lilies.

"Of course," he hastened to add, "what I heard is sacred—it shall never pass my lips; and, if possible—if possible"—his voice broke a little—"it shall quite slip my memory."

She did not answer. Her face dropped helplessly and miserably down again upon her hands. Since she could not explain to him or excuse herself, how could she help what he thought of her? He waited a moment; still she said nothing.

"Kathleen," he said gently, "will you not confide in me, dear child? Did you not promise to me long ago that I should be your friend? I seem to fancy you are in some great trouble or perplexity—can I not help you in any way? If you would only trust in me, I think I might do something for you. See—I have brought you back these things which were so inappropriately given to you in the billiard-room this evening. They seemed to upset you terribly. Can you not tell me what they mean, and why the sight of this dead flower and the paper with that mysterious word disturbed you so terribly!"

He laid them down upon the table before her. She raised her head for one moment and looked at them dully and vacantly, as though she saw them for the first time; then she dropped her head down again upon her bent arms.

"I cannot explain what they mean," she said, after a minute or two.

Adrian sighed; he looked desperately disappointed. In a little while he spoke again.

"Kathleen, do you love that man you have just parted from?"

She raised her face sharply.

"Love him!" she questioned. Her face was pale and drawn; there were dark circles round her haggard eyes and lines of pain upon her forehead.

There was no love in that face of utter wretchedness; he could not believe it. He had told himself that she had somehow fallen in love with some one beneath her in position, and that it was her love that caused her unhappiness; but love had no place in the misery of her haunted eyes. He took a little hope to heart as he realized this. But what was it then?

"It is not love then that you feel for him?"

"Love!" she repeated once more; then a little wildly she cried out, "And you—you can ask me that! Oh, it is too hard!"—and this time she burst into tears.

To Adrian the sight of a woman's tears was absolutely intolerable. He could stand by and see Kathleen white and trembling, tottering and almost fainting, and yet endure the spectacle with some amount of fortitude; but, when he saw the hot tears gather in her beautiful eyes and drop down one by one in a blinding shower through her fingers, then all his courage forsook him and his anguish became unbearable. He lost all control over himself, fell upon his knees by her side, drew her slight form impetuously into his arms, whilst wild words fell in a torrent incoherently and madly from his lips.

"Don't cry—don't cry, my little love—it breaks my heart to see you cry—I, who would die to save you from even one of these tears! For pity's sake, tell me your sorrow—let me help you! Sweet one, what can I do for you? Do not tear my heart with this agony!"

He knew not what he said; the iron hand he had for many weeks kept upon himself gave way; the pent-up passion of his love burst forth in a resistless torrent; he was no longer master of himself. He held her closely clasped to his heart, her aching head drooped against his shoulder, he could feel her tears upon his neck; and yet he did not kiss her. He only pressed her to himself in an embrace that was almost one of despair, and with a misery that was utterly hopeless; and Kathleen's sobs by degrees were quieted, and she grew calmer.

These was something in her position, in the attitude of her lover, that touched, rendered rather the dying farewell of one who leaves all that he loves forever than of one who yields to the sweet temptation of an unlawful and forbidden love. Instinctively she felt, although his lips had not spoken it, that he loved her above all other living women. It needed no words to interpret aright his broken words of agony, his mute gestures of affection and tenderness. He loved her, and he believed in her! Love without confidence, love without a word of explanation of her strange conduct, or of confidence respecting the suspicious interview he had partially witnessed—and yet he believed in her! His love carried him over all that was suspicious and incomprehensible; it was all overlooked and forgotten in the depth and strength of his feeling towards her. She understood this from the bottom of her heart, and was unspeakably grateful.

It was this feeling of boundless gratitude, as well as the conviction of the irrevocable nature of the chains that bound them both, which caused him in that moment of exaltation to speak words which in her calmer aftermoments she never ceased to marvel at, wonder at, pondered over with inquisition and the courage that gave them utterance.

"Adrian!" she whispered. Her lips were upon his neck, her eyes closed against the soft shelter of his hair; he could not see her face, but her words fell distinctly upon his ears, so that he never forgot them again to his dying day. "Adrian, I love you, and you only out of all the world! I shall never love any other man on earth! We are parted for ever and ever by a fate that is ten times worse than death! I can explain to you nothing—nothing at all of what my troubles are. You will never be able to understand them or to account for the things I shall do in the future. Only promise me one thing—one thing only—that it may be some faint comfort to me hereafter—that, whatever I do, and however incomprehensible the things you may hear about me may seem to you, you will never, never doubt that I love you devotedly—that I shall love you until my dying day!"

She raised her face—their eyes met. There was a mute despair in their miserable looks.

Afterwards Adrian realized how great must have been her hopelessness to speak as she did; and afterwards Kathleen thought she should die of shame at the remembrance of what she had said to him. At the time neither of them troubled about these things; they only felt that life was hard and cruel—that they loved each other, but that a fate stronger than their love had parted them for ever. He took her head between his hands; he pressed his lips, as a brother might have done, upon her brow.

"I will always believe it, Kathleen—always! And, since you have loved me, life will not have been lived altogether in vain," he said gravely and solemnly.

And so they parted, she passing out of the little room with bowed head and clasped hands, and he after a few moments of waiting till she should have gone, following her slowly and abstractedly, with the weight of a great sorrow imprinted upon his serious face.

Yet love brought its own special sweetness, and both of them were not so desperately unhappy as they might have been had they not made the blissful discovery that in heart at least they belonged irrevocably to each other.

(To be Continued.)

Pretty Strong Indications.

Omaha belle—Ma, I really do believe George is getting ready to propose.

Omaha mamma—What inspires that hope?

Omaha belle—Well, last night he asked me if pa is doing well in business, and when I told him that pa is getting rich he put his arm around me and called me his silver star and his golden hope.

Out of the Question.

"Fix your eyes on that sheet of paper hanging on the wall," said the photographer, "and assume a pleasant expression."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the sitter, in some excitement. "Isn't that an official list of the Louisiana Lottery drawing?"

"I think it is."

The young man hastily left the chair and went over to examine the document.

"Mister," he said, as he took his hat and moved slowly toward the door, with a sad hopeless, another $2 gone-to-thunder look on his face, "I'll come in some time next week and have this picture taken, if it will suit you just as well."

He Had Thought Of It.

"You are poor, are you not, young man?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if you marry my daughter you will take her from a home of luxury and splendor to an humble sphere of life where she may be very unhappy?"

"I have thought of that, sir," responded the young man, with deep emotion; "and it occurred to me that if Clara should be unhappy we could live with you until I should be able to carve out fame and fortune worthy of the beautiful girl whom I adore."

Tempora Mutantur.

HIS FIRST.

Bjenkins—By the way, Bjones, how old is that baby of yours?

Bjones (promptly)—One year, two months and eight days.

HIS SIXTH.

Bjenkins—By the way, Bjones, how old is that youngest baby of yours now?"

Bjones—Oh, hanged if I know. A year or so. Ask my wife.

An Ambiguous Compliment.

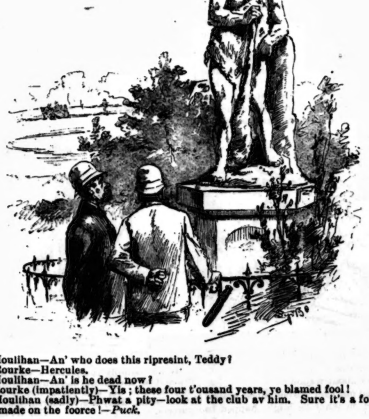
Wife—Mrs. Dawson says that I am a perfect fright, even in the handsome dress.

Husband—Does she?

W.—She does. Now do I look like a fright to you, John?

H.—Look like a fright to me? No, I guess not. I tell you, May, it takes a good deal to frighten me.

He Was Born Too Soon.



Officer Houlihan—An' who does this ripresint, Teddy?
Officer Rourke—Hercules.
Officer Houlihan—An' is he dead now?
Officer Rourke (impatiently)—Yis; these four t'ousand years, ye blamed fool!
Officer Houlihan (sadly)—Phwat a pity—look at the club av him. Sure it's a foine man he would have made on the foorce!—*Puck.*

Thought Bitter of It.

Two small, slenderly built gentlemen seated in a New York hotel the other day, had greeted with much apparent cordiality a third party, a tall, big-fated man, who had just passed them.

"You know X., then?" said one.

"Oh, yes. Known him for years."

"Pretty good fellow, don't you think?" cautiously.

"Y-e-s," slowly and without enthusiasm, "although I've heard things about him that didn't sound very well."

"So have I," eagerly. "In fact, he didn't treat me altogether square in a little business transaction I had with him."

"Is that so? Well, I've had some trouble with him myself in a business way."

"Ah! how was that?"

"Well, he misrepresented matters to me; took every advantage of me; treated me very shabbily, in fact."

"Just the way he fixed me. He's a man of no principle."

"Not a bit—a bad lot all through. Lie! Why, he couldn't tell the truth if he wanted to! Warming up."

"Well, I should say not. I wouldn't put anything past him."

"You're right, too. I wish I was as sure of going to heaven as he is of ending his days in the penitentiary."

"You would have a sure thing, certain."

"One thing, pretty much everybody knows him; he is about at the end of his string. I've got the first good word to hear of him."

"And I've been expecting for a long time to hear of his jumping the town!"

"I've about made up my mind to let him know just what I think of him."

"So have I; and if he gives me any back talk I'll thump the life out of him."

Just then the third party repassed them, nodded, and cheerily cried out, "Good-day, gentlemen." Both of them responded affably, "Good-day."

"I thought you were going to call him a liar," said the one.

"I thought you were going to call him a thief," said the other.

"Well, I thought better of it. What'll you have?"

"So did I. Take something with me."

And that settled it.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Courageous Man.

"Did you hear White brand Ormsby as a coward as the council meeting last night?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that a duel will result?"

"Well, hardly."

"Why?"

"I saw Ormsby chasing White down the street this afternoon."

A Long-felt Want.

A "honeymoon hotel" has been erected in Devonshire, England, where young married couples are invited to come and enjoy the peculiar felicities that ought to attend love's young dream. I understand that the equipments of this house are peculiar, great stress being laid upon the chambers and the water accommodation, every room being supplied with purling brooks, or something that passes for that sort of thing, and moonlight effects produced by electric light. Nightingales sing in the bath-room, and cream caramels are served for breakfast. The servants are attired as Greek shepherdesses, and statues of Cupid and Venus decorate all the hallways. There is thus about the new hotel a soft, mushy atmosphere that keeps up the delicate sentiment and dreamy, languid and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh in the Head, and all Lingering Coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. In derangements of the stomach, it invigorates the liver, relieves Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhœa, and kindred ailments. It is a sovereign remedy.

GUARANTEED. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a powerful medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a **printed guarantee**, from the manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

$500 OFFERED by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

His Wife Wanted Him to Enjoy Himself.

She would rather that he would go to the play than not, she said. She always wanted him to enjoy himself. No one should say that his wife stood in the way of his having a good time, for indeed he needed relaxation.

To be sure she couldn't go with him, because she hadn't anything decent to wear. Even if she had clothes fit to be seen in at the theater, there was no one to leave the baby with; but that mustn't keep him from going. The neighbors might talk if they wanted to, and say he was selfish and all that, not to take her. And fire might break out, or a burglar break in while he was away, but he mustn't let such thoughts disturb him, but just watch the play and try to have a good time.

She had thought to ask him for half a dollar to buy her poor dear mother a birthday present, but let it go now. A man could work so much better after if he went out and enjoyed himself occasionally, and so she wanted him to go to the theater by all means. Although she had heart disease and was liable to drop dead any minute when left alone; and a baby had symptoms of croup, yet he shouldn't stay at home because of these things, or let them worry him any—just go in and have a good time.

As everything seemed combined to make him have a good time at the play it is a wonder that he didn't go, but he didn't, though he gave it up with a sigh, for it had been months and months since a ray of amusement had relieved the murky atmosphere of daily toil.—*Texas Siftings.*

Masculine Modesty.

Mrs. Jones—How much the baby is getting to look like you, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith—Just like the blessed little rascal! I told his mother he was born under a lucky star.

A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption, which is universally acknowledged to be scrofula affecting the lungs, would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. Thousands gratefully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alterative, or blood-cleanser, and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh in the Head, and all Lingering Coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. In derangements of the stomach, it invigorates the liver, relieves Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhœa, and kindred ailments. It is a sovereign remedy.

GUARANTEED. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a powerful medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a **printed guarantee**, from the manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

$500 OFFERED by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

NEW ISSUES

IN

The Red Letter Series of Select Fiction

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE- By Frances Hodgson Burnett ..... 25c.
MEHALAH—By S. Baring Gould ..... 40c.
LIGHTLY LOST—By Hawley Smart ..... 30c.

Canadian Copyright Editions

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY

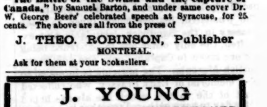
PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO. BENGOUGH ... Kingston ... East

PRICE $10 PRICE $10



Writes Easily 35 to 40 Words Per Minute

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. It never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the cars. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this paper. The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass. Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words.

NEW FICTION

AT

Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Bumes of New York," at 25 cents; "John Brown's Testimony," by Mary Hallock Foote, at 30 cents; and "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and uniform cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher

MONTREAL.

Ask for them at your booksellers.

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

Lady Adela threw back her head haughtily; there was an angry flash in her eyes and the resentful blood rushed hotly into her cheeks.

"You heard, Lady Oldcastle," she said coldly. "Besides"—she drew a little nearer to her lover with a gesture infinitely pretty, it was so womanly, so loving, so proud—"you can see for your self that it is true."

"It is true!" Lady Oldcastle's eyes drooped, and from beneath their lids she glanced at her son. "You have kept your secret well, Guy," she said icily. "How long, may I ask, has this engagement existed without my knowledge?"

"You are mistaken, mother," Sir Guy returned, preserving his composed manner. "There has been no secret, no attempt at secrecy. Until yesterday there was nothing to tell. You would have known then but for Adela's wish. As I have no doubt you overheard me say," he added quietly, "it was our intention to tell you at the first opportunity. You anticipated me only by a very few minutes." He hesitated for a moment, and there were traces of stronger emotion in his voice than his mother had ever heard in it before as he moved a pace towards her. "Mother," he said pleadingly, "I am your son; this is the great happiness of my life, as it is the first I have ever known. Surely you give me your good wishes upon it?"

Lady Oldcastle was blind to his movement, deaf to his voice. She moved a little towards the door, and looked at the girl.

"Lady Adela," she said formally, "you will understand that I intend no discourtesy towards you in saying that I consider this engagement to be the concern of Lady Nugent and your guardian. Until it is known to them and approved of by them, you must pardon me if I decline to express my opinion upon it beyond my great, my excessive surprise. I will only add that personally you have my good wishes. Once more, I intend no remissness towards you in taking the course which it appears to me to be right to take."

She left the room. Adela stood scarlet, panting, too bewildered by a tumult of mingled anger and pain either to move or speak. The coldly formal apology addressed to herself was nothing—she had hardly heard it—but, oh, the cold bitter cruelty which had ignored his appeal, which had deliberately passed him by! Oh, it was wicked, she thought, clenching her little hands in impotent rage—inexpressibly pitiless!

"Adela," Sir Guy said slowly, in a hard, forced, even tone, "shall I ever be able to atone to you for this?"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, and met him as he moved towards her, putting her caressing arms about his neck, and pressing her cheek to his. "Don't speak of it—don't think of it! Why should you? I am not disappointed but for you—I am not hurt but for you! I knew well that Lady Oldcastle would not like me to be your wife. Atone to me!" Her voice sank to a fond whisper tremulous in its intense earnestness. "Dearest, it is I who will atone to you. I will love you so dearly that you shall forget all this—so dearly that you shall want no love but mine. What does it matter who is cold to us, what does it matter who turns against us, so long as we have each other?"

"Nothing, to me!" he said, with a deep breath, tightening his arms about her as he kissed the sweet eyes which he knew were wet with tears shed for him. "I wonder if you quite realise yet what you are to me! You are the very angel of my life, Adela!"

She knew it as well as she knew that each beat of her own heart was for him, and answered only by a little fond confiding movement of her head against his shoulder.

"We ought to love each other very dearly, Guy," she said, looking at him wistfully in the gloom, "for, saving each other, there is no one who cares for us very much, I think, either among your kindred or mine."

Lady Oldcastle had gone straight to her own rooms. Instinct rather than any defined motive had taken her there. She was hardly mistress of herself as she swept up and down their luxurious length, flinging wide open the doors as she went. Without knowing it, her hands dragged and tore at the carefully-draped lace about her throat and wrenched the delicate threads; without knowing it, her fingers were busy with the pins that confined her luxuriant hair, until it was plucked down and streaming over her shoulders, beautiful as a girl's in its silken profusion. Then she dropped into a chair, and sat with eyes fixed upon the floor, as she tried to ponder what she had just heard.

Adela and Guy! Duke had been right then. He had feared this, suspected it, and she—she had derided it, contemptuously set it aside as unworthy of a thought, laughed it to scorn. That Guy should win the game that Duke had set himself to win, that he should be the chosen husband of the woman whom of all others she had desired to be Duke's wife! Was the girl bewitched? Had Duke spoken? But one thing, she thought, could make her disappointment keener, her chagrin more bitter, and that was to know that Duke had spoken and been rejected for his brother. That Guy should win! She had never thought of his marrying, never believed that he would marry. Now he would have children, would hold the Towers and all that was in it and of it with a threefold grip. She would see him happy, beloved, flaunting his triumph in her face. Her hatred would be impotent before the charm of his wife's love. He had won, and she was baffled, helpless!

Lady Oldcastle sprang to her feet, clenching her hands.

"Oh that I could prevent it!" she cried. "If I dared only step between them even now! Guy to win Adela Nugent and her fortune! What spell is upon the girl's eyes? Has he not from his birth upwards robbed his brother of enough?"

Her strong clear voice rang out loudly—more loudly than she knew. As she turned to sink into her chair again, she stopped with a cry. The outer door which she had shut behind her upon entering was open, and there, on the threshold of your voice, I feared your ladyship was in pain."

"It is nothing—it is past," Lady Oldcastle muttered confusedly. She waved her hand with an unsteady imperious movement. "I have been annoyed, troubled," she said coldly and briefly. "But I did not call, and I want nothing. You can go."

"But your ladyship looks agitated, pale," urged Mrs. Uglow respectfully and sympathetically, still lingering. "Will your ladyship allow me to get you something—a glass of wine or——"

"I want nothing. Leave me to myself!" commanded her mistress harshly.

Mrs. Uglow gently withdrew, carefully shut the door, and went quietly down stairs. It was one of the grievances of the maids at the Towers that Mrs. Uglow could never be heard coming. Just now her tread was especially soft and cat-like. She stole across the hall, stood for a moment looking towards the side-door which always stood open, suddenly glided out, deftly whipping her skirt up over her jet cap and her white hair, swiftly crossed the broad sweep of gravel which skirted that side of the house, and disappeared in the thick shrubbery beyond.

Voices and voices were audible presently; approaching shadows fell across the band of light streaming out of the open door. Mrs. Uglow's black eyes peered out from the surrounding green. All unconscious of her, they passed, Lady Adela and Sir Guy, the girl's sweet laugh ringing out blithely, his, deeper and stronger, responding not less blithely. It was too dark for their faces to be visible, but it could be seen that his arm was round her, and that her cheek lightly touched his shoulder as they walked. They could be nothing less than lovers. A deaf man would have known it by their attitudes; a blind man would have known it by their softly-whispered talk. Mrs. Uglow waited coolly until a curve of the path hid them, and then came quietly out of her ambush. She had seen and heard exactly what she had expected to see and hear, and quite enough. It was the clue to the passionate words which she had heard as she stood unseen by her mistress' door.

"Could you but come between them!" she muttered, looking in the direction in which the lovers had disappeared. "Could you but prevent the son you hate from standing in the way of the son whom you—ay, and I love! No, my Lady Oldcastle, you cannot do it. Maybe you even dare not do it. But perhaps I can. Perhaps the means are in my power. A little patience—we shall see."

Mrs. Uglow closed and clenched her long lithe hand as though it had fastened upon a weapon.

CHAPTER XXII.

To Lady Adela's mingled relief and surprise, Lady Oldcastle, when she appeared at breakfast on the following morning, was in all ways the Lady Oldcastle she had known during her first coming to the Towers. If her manner was a little colder and more reserved, if her words were fewer, the change was so slight as to be hardly perceptible. At the worst, her manner was sufficiently gracious to relieve the girl of a doubt which had been troubling her since the scene of the previous night, and troubling her only the more because she would not mention it to her lover—a doubt as to whether, as things were now, it would be possible for her to remain any longer at the Towers. Certainly, until she heard how the news of her engagement had been received at Sugbrooke, she desired to remain. But it was evident that her hostess desired no quarrel or approach to a breach with her. As to she see not of the previous night, it might have been unenacted for anything that Lady Oldcastle either said or did. Adela drew a sigh of fervent relief, knowing that this, though quite unpleasant enough, was at least as good as could be expected.

But she stood a little forlorn when the meal was over and Lady Oldcastle has taken her letters to the library, and wondered what to do. Sir Guy had disappeared with his morning mail, and presently the book-lined sitting-room beyond the workship; he always answered them there. He might not be long, of course, and, when he had finished, she would be sure to come and look for her; but there had been a formidable looking pile of them. She had clearly as much right to go and look for him as he had to look for her—which in itself was delightful.

She went across the hall, with a little defiant nod and grimace at the closed library door, which were probably meant for Lady Oldcastle, magnificently unconscious behind it, down the long passage into the workshop, where Blister was polishing something at a bench in a corner to an accompaniment of his own subdued whistling, which he stopped suddenly with a bashful duck at the alogether unprecedented sight of the young lady in the pink-and-white striped morning dress, with the pretty rosy face and frank bright eyes, who always smiled at him so kindly.

Lady Adela stood for a moment or two, talking of his work in the most appreciative and learned phrases which she could muster, and greatly enjoying his unconcealed astonishment. Then, to his still greater surprise, she crossed the little strip of intervening passage and entered the sitting-room as coolly as if she had been Sir Guy himself. Blister, finding this state of things beyond him, went on with his polishing and wondered. Lady Oldcastle, the mere sound of whose voice made him quake in his shoes—Lady Oldcastle suddenly seeking his son in the same place was the only thing that could have staggered him more.

Rob Roy, lying in an exhausted and easy attitude on the floor by his master's chair, opened his eyes lazily, then shut them and thumped with his tail, evidently desiring to convey that he welcomed her, but that it was too warm and he was too comfortable to get up for the purpose. Guy, bending over a half-written letter, had not heard the girl's entrance at all; and the first intimation he received of it was the sudden pressure of two soft little hands over his eyes.

"Guess who it is!" Adela cried gaily.

"Guess indeed!" He laughed, threw down the pen, removed her hands and held them. "You came stealing in as noiselessly as a sunbeam. I didn't know you were a fairy in more senses than one."

"I told you you would soon be able to pay compliments if you tried," said the girl placidly over his shoulder. "That's a very nice one for a novice. If you keep me here like this, I shall read every line of that letter."

"What did you come for then?" he asked, amused.

How delightful she was! he thought. Pensive or merry, grave or smiling, how delightful and sweet she was! The melancholy, the sternness, the austerity, which had gradually grown to be almost a second nature to him, were vanquished by the mere charm of her presence. Youth's longing for youth's delights had been stamped out of him, but crushed down by the harsh and unloving experiences of his life. Always an object of barely concealed aversion to his mother, his father's absolute indifference had been shown even more plainly. So, as he grew older, and his impressions instead of fading had become deeper, it was but natural for the idea to become fixed in his mind that, as those of his kindred regarded him, so the rest of the world would do.

His school and college days had but confirmed the impression; his blunt manner and brusque words did not attract more than did his studious and solitary tastes. Later on, when thoughts of a wife had come to him, he had brought him not comfort, but added pain. For his title, his position, he might be married; but for himself—he had grumpged his misfortune and laughed at the notion as a bitter joke, worthy only of derision. It was likely, truly, that he who had won from friends and kindred but aversion, indifference, tolerance, could win from the fair sweet woman of whom he dreamt the love with which, did she come in his way, he felt that he should endow her. And Adela Nugent had come in his way, and he had loved her, with his eyes wide open to the inevitable result; and now——

Now she was his. He did not want to go beyond that—it covered and expressed everything. Standing by him, although he could see nothing of her but the hands he held, the slight pressure of her arms upon his shoulders told it to him as plainly as when he had looked first, dazed and incredulous, into her sweet, love-filled eyes. He kissed the pretty sunburnt hands.

"Why don't you wear rings, Ade'a?" he asked suddenly, looking at the slender bare fingers. "I have often wondered."

"Have you? I thought you never noticed such frivolities."

"Quite a mistake—in your case. I know every one of your gowns by heart—all I have ever seen, at any rate. If you ask me what they're made of, that's another thing. But why don't you?"

"Why don't I?" repeated the girl slowly. "I hardly know. They seem to be in the way, for one thing, and then they spoil one's gloves. Besides—with a shy little laugh—"I always had a fancy that I shouldn't care to wear a ring unless one particular person gave it to me."

"You should tell the particular person," he said, amused, and not understanding.

"Why, I am telling him!" returned Adela, with charming coolness. "You may give me one if you like, and I promise to wear it and ruin my gloves with all possible devotion. Let go my hands, please, because I didn't come here to be handcuffed. But because I love Angel would pounce upon me if I didn't. Go on with your letters. I'm going to pry about and look at your books.

She pried about, very much to her own amusement and satisfaction, until the last letter was completed, and each was being put into its envelope. Then she came and leaned her folded arms upon his chair-back again, looking over his shoulder and watching the process until it was completed

Telephone 344 for

Camping Supplies

Choicest Canned Meats, Fish and Fruits. Finest Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.
Discount of 5 per cent. on orders of $10 or over.

MARSLAND & KENNEDY
FAMILY GROCERS
285 King St. West - Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.
F. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 95 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE
ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE
Liverpool via Queenstown
GLASGOW SERVICE
Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.
For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to
M. D. Murdoch & Co.
AGENTS, 62 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line
is patronized by Toronto's
BEST SOCIETY
Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed
A. F. WEBSTER
Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

TAYLOR & CO.
ART TAILORS
120½ WEST KING ST.
OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.
Perfect Workmanship and Correct Style of Dress for Gentlemen's Wear at Reasonable Prices. Personal attention given to all patrons by our Mr. Charles M. Taylor.

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.
THE NOBBY TAILORS
241 YONGE STREET

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
SUPERIOR
STAINED GLASS AND WALL PAPER
72 TO 76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO
TELEPHONE . . . 1112

Trunks and Valises
SATCHELS and PURSES
Best Goods. Lowest Prices
C. C. POMEROY
49 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS
The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This gold watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.
RUSSELL'S
9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY
BY MAIL AND EXPRESS
IN
2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes
FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.
These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.
HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.
TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors
ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN
Picnics and Parties Supplied with Cream and Cakes.
Try our Snowflake Homemade Bread.
CARRICK'S
New Store Cor. Yonge and Edward Sts., and 160 Bay St.
WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY
Telephones—Yonge St., 1515; Bay St. 577

MEDLAND & JONES
Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.
Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1067

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatino-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.
40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

OUR THREE DOLLAR CABINETS
For $2 per doz., and our $2 cabinets for $1.50.
For the Next Thirty Days Only
MOORE & CO., 147 Yonge Street.

Mr. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor
Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice.

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

JOHN P. MILL
Watchmaker and Jeweler
Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing
445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE HUB CAFE
And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER
First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.
12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

- M. McCONNELL -
46 and 48 King Street East.
Commendator Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Gourlet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

THE JEWELL RESTAURANT
Jordan Street
This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.
Reading and smoking rooms.
HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

Grand Opera Sample Room
The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.
D. SMALL, Proprietor.

CONFEDERATION
Life Association
TORONTO.

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.
CHAS. P. LENNOX
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B
Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE
Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto
New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.
Telephone 3631

MR. HIPKINS
DENTIST
No. 12 CARLTON STREET

ED. E. FARRINGER
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC
58 Homewood Avenue
Instruction given on Piano, Violin, Cornet, etc.
Summer term commences July 2.

HENRI DE BESSE, Violinist
(Formerly with Prof. Hubert Leonard, of Paris, and Concert-master Edmund Singer, of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart, lately first Professor of the Violin at the New York Conservatories of Music), will receive pupils in all branches of violin playing; also for the pianoforte from the beginning to the highest proficiency, after Paris and Stuttgart methods. For terms apply at studio and residence, No. 179 Church Street.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 305 Jarvis Street

PERCY V. GREENWOOD
Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practice. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
150 Carlton Street, opp. the Gardens.
This school is conducted on the principle that only first-class tuition can overcome the many constitutional defects which mar the musical education of the average pupil, therefore we employ no cheap teachers. We guarantee thorough work from the lowest to the highest grade, and are patronized by the best families in the city. The popularity of our method is on the increase, also the number of persons who profess to teach the same. Our method is the result of thirty years' practical work on the part of the principal, and can not be applied successfully, even by the best of teachers, unless they have received practical instruction from us. Therefore the only way to insure the full benefit of our method is to come to the Ontario College of Music. A summer term as usual. C. FARRINGER.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
A SPECIAL
SUMMER TERM
Will be held from July 8 to August 9
For terms, etc., early application should be made to
F. H. TORRINGTON,
12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

TORONTO
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
GOVERNMENT CHARTER.
HON. G. W. ALLAN - - PRESIDENT.
1000 Total Attendance first 2 years.
All branches taught.—Instrumental and Vocal music; Elocution, Languages, Scholarships, certificates, diplomas. Free Theory, Violin, Concerts and Lectures. Next Fall, organ students, besides the use of several complete church organs, can have lessons, practice and recitals upon a GRAND CONCERT ORGAN, built expressly for the Conservatory, in Association Hall.
SUMMER NORMAL TERM, July 8 to Aug. 20.
FALL TERM OPENS Sept. 4. Send for free Calendar. Address, EDWARD FISHER, Director, cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Ave., Toronto.

J. W. L. FORSTER
PORTRAITS
Studio - 51 King St. East
ART

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Ontario Academy, 47 Phœbe Street
Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the various professions.
Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus. R. W. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

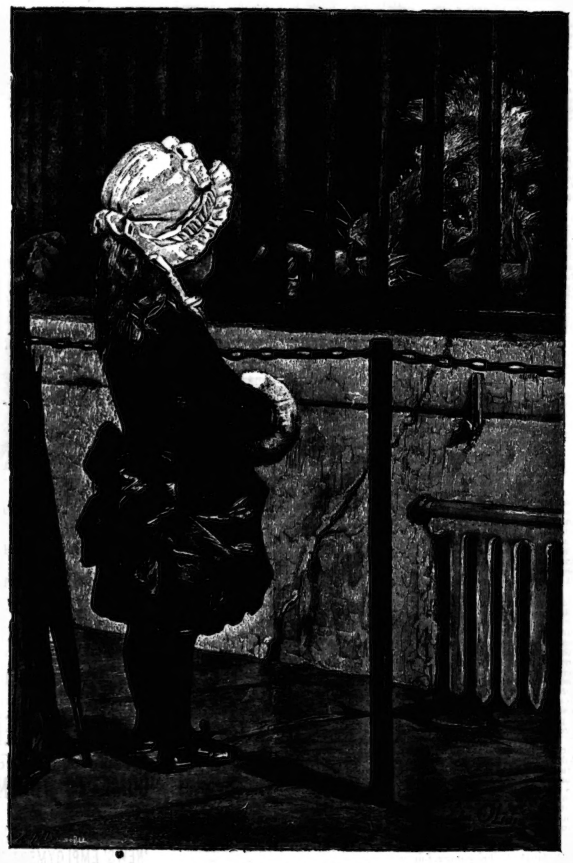
JUST RECEIVED FROM EUROPE
ANOTHER LOT OF THOSE
GENUINE SPANISH GUITARS
The best guitars in the world for volume and purity of tone.
CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE
197 Yonge Street. Telephone 239
Branch Store - 63 King Street West

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
283 Yonge St., Toronto
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
"IMPERIAL" CORNETS
The best in the world, as used by MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH Canada's greatest cornet soloists and endorsed by JULES LEVY.
Everything in the music line and at the right prices. All the late publications in stock. Publishers of the *Canadian Musician*.
New Sacred Songs
GARDEN OF PRAYER---F and G
By VERNON REY
KING DAVID'S LAMENT---D and F
By FRANK SWIFT.
Price 50 Cents Each
TORONTO
EDWIN ASHDOWN
89 Yonge Street, and London, Eng.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

A. B. McBRIDE
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.
Rooms C. 18 Victoria street, Toronto.
Money to loan

Charles Brown.
Nos. 33 and 38 KING ST. WEST.
Coupes 75c. Carriages $2
Telephone 152.



AT THE MENAGERIE.

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1888
OSTRICH FEATHER DYERS
The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pompons, Aigrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Latest French Styles and Colors.
TURNER & BUTLER, 89 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE
59 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE
Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.
HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS
For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.
MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St

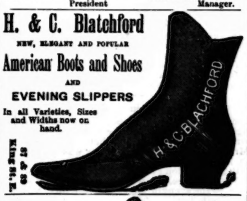
MRS. MILLER
(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)
Modiste, Dress AND Mantle Maker
HAS REMOVED TO
267 SPADINA AVENUE

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners
Our specialty is French cleaning and the dyeing and finishing of the better grades of work, such as Silks, Velvets, Plushes, &c. Our system for Cleaning, Dyeing and Stretching Lace Curtains is unsurpassed. Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.
Telephone 1990. 90 King St. East

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS
We have removed to 509½ Yonge Street, to more commodious premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take up and relay carpets when it is necessary. Toronto Carpet and Plush Renovating Co.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.
OFFICE: 72 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

H. & C. Blatchford
NEW, ELEGANT AND POPULAR
American Boots and Shoes
AND
EVENING SLIPPERS
In all Varieties, Sizes and Widths now on hand.



WE HAVE OPENED UP OUR IMMENSE Stock of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes.
328 YONGE STREET
THOMAS MOFFATT
FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class
195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. MENDON, 238 McCaul Street.

R. G. TROTTER
Surgeon Dentist
14 Carlton Street - - TORONTO
OFFICE HOURS: 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.; 7 TO 10 P.M.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Head Offices 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto
Issues all approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies and Annuities.
HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Pres.; HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE, Vice-Presidents; WM. McCABE, Man'g Director.

CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE
Under Government Patronage. Head Offices, Temple Building, Montreal.
Legitimate detective work done at reasonable rates and performed in an honorable manner. Nothing done that is any way interferes with the marital relations.
JOHN A. GROSE,
Box 1999, Montreal Manager.

KINDLING WOOD---SOLID PINE
12 Crates $2.00
6 " 1.00
Summer Wood $2.25 per Load
233 Queen St. West, late 56 Adelaide St. West
R. Truax

THE OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FINE SHOES

Our Ladies' $3.00 Button Boot, Dorcola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—$2.50. Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoes—all kinds.
WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

After tennis last Tuesday a number were invited to Mrs. Campbell's of Boulderfell, where a most delightful evening was spent. Dancing was enjoyed by all, and kept up until the small hours. The tennis costumes worn by some of the ladies and gentlemen were very becoming, and gave quite a pretty and novel effect in the spacious and well-lighted rooms. The following were present: Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Miss Russell of Millbrook, Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, Miss Routh of California, Miss Kortright, Miss Hewett, Miss Reiner, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. C. Ardagh, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Mason, Miss B. Mason, Mr. T. R. Boys, Miss Hornsby, Miss Schreiber and Mr. R. Schreiber, Mr. Gillett, Miss Cotter, Miss H. Johnson of Deaville, Miss Stewart, the Misses Bird, Mr. E. Bird, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. B. Leefe, Miss T. Mason, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, the Misses Baker, Mr. G. H. Fraser, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. W. H. B. Spotton, Mr. R. Andros, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. Percy Kortright, Mr. H. C. Crease.

Mrs. Ed. Andros and child of St. Catharines are spending a few weeks in town with Mrs. Andros of Normanville.

Miss May Spry left last week for a lengthy visit to relatives in Windsor and other places.

Mr. Arthur Ardagh of Winnipeg is in town.

Miss Chapman of Hamilton is visiting at Mrs. Dyment's.

Mr. Philip DuMoulin of Toronto was in town last week.

Mrs. Robin H. Temple of Toronto, who has been spending a few weeks here with relatives, returned home this week. OCULAIRE.

PARKHILL.

An event, which set society in a flutter, took place at St. James' Church here, on June 10. It was the marriage of Agnes Caw, younger daughter of our postmaster, Mr. John Noble, to Mr. Henry R. Hale, formerly of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and now with Irwin, Green & Co., Chicago. The bride, who was attired in her traveling dress, was attended by her cousin, Miss Katalina McLeod, and Mr. A. E. Chesnut, Confederation Life Association, Toronto, cousin of the groom, was best man. Mr. C. I. Noble, Canadian Bank of Commerce, London, and Mr. J. W. H. Smythe, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Berlin, officiated as ushers. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. M. J. Freeman, assisted by Rev. Geo. Sanborne of Hartford, Conn., uncle of the bride. After the ceremony the guests partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's father. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sanborne of Hartford, Conn., Miss Sanborne of Port Huron, Mr. Colin and Miss Clara Noble of Quebec, Mrs. Brown of Ingersoll, Mrs. Malloy and Mr. Noble of London, Mr. and Mrs. Turner of Toronto, Mr. John F. Hale of Oakville. A number of telegrams of congratulation were received from friends in Montreal, Chicago, Oshawa, Mount Vernon, Washington and other points. The presents were numerous and handsome. The happy couple left by the afternoon train for Chicago, their future home, followed by showers of rice from a large party of friends assembled to see them off. The town band played some selections as the train moved out.

MARKDALE.

The Bachelors' Lawn Tennis Club of Markdale met for organization on Wednesday, June 12, electing the following gentlemen to fill their respective offices for the ensuing year, viz.: J. H. Goumond, president; Dr. Ego, vice-president; W. Turner, sec.-treasurer; P. McCullough, C. H. Lawrence and W. L. McFarland, executive committee. After the election of officers they held a formal opening on the grounds of Mr. W. L. Young, banker. Among those present we noticed the following: Miss Benson, Miss H. Benson, Miss Bowes, Miss Buggin, Miss Campbell, Miss Douglass, Miss Ford, Miss Lyons, the Misses Mathews, Miss McNea, Miss Minnie McNea, Miss McKenzie, Miss Rooke of Toronto, Miss Steer, Miss Young, Messrs. I. B. Lucas of Alvinston, Douglass, Sproule, Sproule, Ford, Armstrong, Jackman, Moffat, Cassin. OBSERVER.

WHITBY.

The commencement exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, Monday afternoon, were brilliantly successful. A special train from Toronto landed four or five hundred guests at the college gates. Scattered over the wide-spreading lawns surrounding the splendid structure, as well as through its grand saloons and spacious corridors, the visitors were thoroughly delighted. Delicious refreshments were served in a grove to the south of the campus. The gymnasium, a large, new building recently erected, for the physical culture of the students, was filled to overflowing during the musical recital, conferring of degrees and presentation of medals. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the college director of music, had charge of that part of the programme. Very pretty, indeed, looked the hundred or so "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair," as they entered the hall, a stream of soft white muslin, dreamy cashmeres, June roses and maiden trepidation sweeping between the ranks of visitors in vari-colored spring gowns and gay bonnets. Prominent on the platform were Hon. G. W., Mrs. and Miss Ross, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Drury.

Though Changed He Knew Him.

Henry Clay once invaded the bluegrass region of Tennessee to make a speech. When he arrived at bladestination a tough looking specimen, evidently in the last stages of whiskyism, stepped from the throng, slapped the great orator on the back and said in southern vernacular:

"Howdy, Mr. Clay!"

The great man shook his head and replied: "Be kind enough to turn your head that I may see your profile."

The man averted his face while the flickering torchlights enabled the observer to study him for several seconds.

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Clay, "you had not begun to grow that long beard and was smooth faced—eh!"

"That's right."

"You were not then a cyclops, but had two whole eyes—eh!"

"That's right, I reckon."

"Ah! Then you sat on a jury before which I pleaded a case, and your name is—— Am I not right?"

"I reckon you are, suah."

"Yes, yes; I remember you perfectly, and," continued Mr. Clay, "you had one other characteristic, which I now recall—you were then a gentleman."

A Thoughtful Friend.

"Who was that you bowed to on the car?" she asked of her friends as they stood in a store door on Woodward avenue.

"That's Katie ——"

"How sweetly she bowed back."

"Yes, we love each other dearly. When her father died last year I was the only friend she had thoughtful enough to count the carriages and tell her there were forty-seven."

Too Late.

Confidence Man—I should like to see Mr. Hayseed of Hayseedville.

Hotel Clerk—He is over there at the cashier's desk, paying his bill.

Confidence Man (sadly)—I'm too late!

Wanted a Change.

Waiter (at club restaurant)—Ready with your order, sah!

City Sportsman (back from a week's fishing)—Give me some fish; I'm tired to death of other things.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

Toronto Vocal Society

EXCURSION AND CONCERT

Friday, June 28, 1889

TO

Niagara-on-the-Lake and Niagara Assembly Grounds

PER STEAMERS

CIBOLA and CHICORA

Leaving Toronto at 7 and 11 a.m., and 2 and 4.45 p.m.

Return Tickets, Including Admission to the Concert, $1.

One of the above steamers will be specially engaged to return to the city immediately after the close of the concert or about 9 p.m., and arrangements made to have street cars for all parts of the city, to meet the foot of Yonge street, on the arrival of the boat.

H. BOURLIER, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

THE

CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.

LIMITED

LATE OF R. HAY & CO.

Fancy and Staple

FURNITURE

Newest Designs. Moderate Prices

95 and 97 Yonge Street

FACTORY MACDONELL SQUARE

ESTABLISHED 1860

MILLINERY

Spring and Summer stock in great variety. Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.

DRESSMAKING

Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish Guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.

J. & A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the

New Tailor System of Dress Cutting, late Prof. Moody's.

LORNE PARK STEAMER MERRITT

From Yonge Street Wharf 10 a.m., and 2 and 5.30 p.m. Returning from Park 12 noon, 4 and 7.30 p.m.

Fare 25 cents. Children under 12, 15 cents

Ticket and Excursion office on Yonge Street Wharf.

LONG BRANCH SUMMER RESORTS

The management are offering special inducements for Excursions, Moonlights, and Sunday School Picnics to the above resorts. First-rate steamboat service.

Book Tickets at Reduced Rates. Fare return, including admission, 25c.

Office—84 Church St. Telephone 1772

HANLAN'S POINT

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

Grand

Open Air Concert

BY THE

BAND OF THE Q. O. R.

Steamers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p.m. Band Concerts will be given every evening.

DOTY FERRY CO.

"NIAGARA RIVER LINE"

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

IN CONNECTION WITH

New York Central & Michigan Central Ry's

FOR

Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.

Steamer "Chicora" begins single trips Monday, May 20, leaving Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m.

Tickets at all principal offices.

Special rates to Societies, Sunday Schools, &c.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and all Points East

Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 7 30 a.m. and 3 p.m. by the PALACE STEAMER

EMPRESS OF INDIA

SEASON 1889

Solid trains from Port Dalhousie to Buffalo. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets from all G. T. R. and Empress of India Ticket Agents.

PAIGNTON HOUSE

JOHN F. PAIN, Prop.

This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Rosseau. Accommodation for 50 guests. Good board; also

Boating, Bathing and Fishing

Steamer calls daily.

Cleveland's Postoffice quarter mile distant.

BELŒIL MOUNTAINS

ST. HILAIRE, P.Q.

THE IROQUOIS HOUSE

GREATLY IMPROVED. Will open for the season about JUNE 1st. Write for Descriptive Circular.

B. F. Campbell, Managing Director.

CLEVELAND'S

Lake Rosseau - Muskoka

Parties visiting Muskoka will find this a most pleasant and comfortable summer resort. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests. Our bathing facilities are unsurpassed on Lake Rosseau.

Splendid Fishing. Daily Steamer. Good Table. Boats at reasonable rates

C. J. MINETT, Prop.

STRATTON HOUSE

Port Carling

MUSKOKA LAKES

The Most Central Spot on the Chain of Lakes

Accommodates fifty guests. Liberal cuisine. Good bathing accommodation. Lawn Tennis. Bass, Pickerel and Lake Trout fishing. A superior class of boats on hand for hire. Terms moderate. Special arrangements by week or month.

JOHN FRASER, Prop.

Lake View House

J. HUTTON, Prop.

This hotel is beautifully situated on Point Kaye, Muskoka Lake, only two hours' sail from Gravenhurst.

Good Fishing, Bathing, Boating, Lawn Tennis, &c. Boats on Hire.

Lake View House is only half a mile from Brandy Lake, which is noted for its splendid Bass fishing. Mail steamer calls daily.

Terms moderate. Special rate for families.

BEAUMARIS HOTEL

TONDERN ISLAND

Lake Muskoka

Good Fishing, Bathing, Boating, Lawn Tennis and Billiards.

TERMS $1.50 TO $2.00 PER DAY.

Accommodation for 150 guests. Parties leaving Toronto in the morning arrive in Beaumaris at 3 o'clock same day.

Address—

ED. PROWSE.

Beaumaris P. O., Muskoka.

Oakland Park Hotel

TOBIN ISLAND

Opposite Head of Port Carling River

Lake Rosseau

This new summer retreat is centrally and most beautifully situated on "Biz Island" (as it was commonly called previous to being surveyed), containing over 1,000 acres of good land, as yet mostly covered with woods and abounding in game and all kinds of berries. Only two miles above Port Carling, at the Junction of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph. This house commands on every side extensive and by far the most charming land and water views to be had in Muskoka. Dry, comfortable boats for hire. Good fishing and secluded bathing places. Good steamboat wharf. Daily mail. Steamer calls twice daily.

Terms from $1.25 per day. Special rates for families.

J. M. TOBIN, Prop.

Maplehurst Hotel

MUSKOKA

J. P. BROWN - Proprietor

This beautifully situated and strictly first-class hotel will be open for the season on the 15th of June.

Beautifully situated cottage to let near hotel.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

See the No. 9 and No. 12 Sewing Machines

THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

The light running, high arm and noiseless No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, for elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, simplicity and durability, and for all family purposes, has no equal.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 12 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.

Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUF'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO—266 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Telephone 277 GEO. BARRETT, Manager.

THE 30,000 ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY

THE

PENETANGUISHENE

PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO, CANADA

A BEAU-IDEAL SUMMER HOME

NEWLY ERECTED 1889

WILL OPEN ABOUT JULY 1

INCORPORATORS OF THE P. L. H. CO.—The Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Ex-Lieutenant Governor, Ont.; Mr. J. J. Mason, Ex-Mayor, Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. Wm. Moore Kelly, Mr. Walter Keating, Mr. Charles Beck, Mr. Wm. McMaster Thompson, Mr. Harry Jennings, Penetanguishene.

OFFICERS FOR 1889—Mr. Wm. Moore Kelly, President; Mr. David Davidson, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Walter Keating, Managing Director; Mr. James Wynne, Mr. A. J. Chaine, Mr. Harry Jennings, Mr. Albert E. Keating, Directors.

The hotel grounds have a frontage of between 1600 and 1700 feet on the water. The grounds are high and dry, sloping to the water's edge, and are covered almost throughout with beautifully diversified trees running from the original forest basswood and oak trees to second growth pine, oak, maple and birch. The shore makes an unrivalled bathing ground, the bottom being clean white sand. The water of Lake Huron is perfectly pure and uncontaminated. The hillsides have abundance of the finest spring water.

The beautiful and picturesque building erected by the Lakeside Hotel Company in the center of their park and only about fifty feet distant from the water's edge, is without question the pleasantest summer hotel that can be found on the Canadian Lakes. The building has a frontage of 230 feet on the water, verandahs on each story, is only two stories high and has every comfort for its guests. Three lofty towers, averaging 100 feet in height, give it a handsome appearance and afford wonderful views. The house is so arranged as to make a comfortable home for the guests, and it is intended to make this the main effort of the management. The drainage and plumbing have been carried out with the most scrupulous care, and pure air and pure water can be guaranteed. The house can accommodate 200.

Every facility for boating and bathing will be afforded the guests—wharf accommodation for small and large boats immediately in front of the hotel.

"THE PENETANGUISHENE" will be conducted under the immediate control of the Directors of the Lakeside Hotel Co. An efficient staff, including a first-class man-cook and his assistant, has been engaged that will insure the comfort of the guests.

ADDRESS:

THE SECRETARY P. L. H. CO., Penetanguishene, Ont.

THE

Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is located in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Complete with all modern improvements. The rooms are mostly "en suite," and are well adapted for families. Good fishing, bathing and boating. Four lawn tennis courts.

Fishing Scene on the Bank of the Lake near Queen's Royal Hotel

The Queen's Royal—Looking Through Gateway of Fort Niagara, N. Y.

Opened for the season June 15. Has accommodation for 300 guests.

For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McGAW & WINNETT,

The Queen's, Toronto.

Love's Bondage Lifted.

They had been engaged a week. Together they had been to see Little Lord Fauntleroy, and were returning to Brooklyn on a bridge train. When the train stopped Angelina got up and walked to the front of the car, thinking that Algernon was close behind. Algernon walked to the rear door, thinking that Angelina was tripping along at his elbow. Two blank faces, a hasty search and a meeting on the platform.

"I thought, Algernon, that of course you would follow me!"

"And I thought, Angelina, that of course you would follow me!"

Both fell to meditating as they walked down the passage way and took a Kings county elevated train. When Vanderbilt avenue was passed Angelina at last broke the silence.

"Perhaps—Algernon—we—we—might—not—agree. Don't you think you had better take it back?" and she pulled a dainty little ring from her finger.

Algernon hesitated. The train began to slacken speed for Franklin avenue. Then he took the ring in an absent-minded way as they both arose. "It's so much better," Angelina added, softly, "that we should find out in time," and they disappeared through the door.

The Beauty of Silence.

"That dog of mine," said Chatterly, proudly, "knows as much as I do!"

And Barker Carper muttered, "What a blessing he's muzzled!"

He Wanted to See the Giant.

Policeman (to newly-arrived Hibernian, who has been standing for an hour in above position)—Come, move on, now!

"Divil a shtep I'll move till I see the size of the man that handles that pick!"

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH—On June 12, at Toronto, Mrs. J. E. Featherstonhaugh—a son.
GUY—On June 11, at Oshawa, Mrs. F. A. Guy—a son.
MACDONALD—On June 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Albert A. Macdonald—a son.
RIORDAN—On June 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Bruce L. Riordan—a son.
WALLIS—On May 17, at Toronto, Mrs. C. H. Wallis—a daughter.
AYLESWORTH—On June 12, at Madoc, Mrs. Fraser Aylesworth—a daughter.
TUBBY—On June 13, at Toronto, Mrs. C. A. Tubby—a daughter.
DUFF—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. R. Duff—a son.
ELLIS—On June 12, at Orangeville, Mrs. Alf. H. Ellis—a daughter.
McKAY—On June 14, at Toronto, Mrs. George W. McKay—a daughter.
YOUNG—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. James M. Young—a son.
MACKELLAR—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. J. A. Mackellar—a son.
PIERCE—On June 17, at Toronto, Mrs H. M Pierce—a daughter.
WATSON—On June 18, at Toronto, Mrs. A. D. Watson—a son.

Marriages.

BINGHAM—PHILLIPS—On June 12, at Toronto, George A. Bingham to Emma E. Phillips.
BROCK—BROCK—On June 11, at Toronto, Thomas Brock of Hancock, Iowa, to Mrs. Roxena Brock.
GEORGE—NORTHRUP—At Toronto, Rev. Dr. J. H. George to Blanche Helena Northrup.
LAPHAM—BODDY—On June 13, at Toronto, Hon. George H. Lapham of Peterboro, N. Y., to Kathleen Helena Mary Boddy.
BOOTHE—HINCKS—On June 13, at Toronto, R. S. Boothe to Annie Marcella Hincks of Goderich, Ont.
LOWTHER—LOUGHEED—On June 11, at Albion, Ont., Alfred Lowther, D. D. S., of Detroit, Mich., to Violet Lougheed.
HEATON—SCOTT—On June 12, at Montreal, Edwin Percival Heaton of New York, to Hope Scott.
DOUGAL—WILKINSON—On June 12, at Allandale, John T. Dougal of Barrie, to Derina Jane Wilkinson.
COPP—DUTTON—On June 17, at Toronto, William Copp to Julia C. Dutton.
McARTHUR—FRANKISH—On June 12, at Montreal, William McArthur of Dungannon, Huron County, to Mary (Dolly) Amanda Frankish of Montreal.
ALDCORN—BLACK—On June 12, at Proton, William Walter Aldcorn to Jane Black.
SILVESTER—STOKES—On June 18, at Toronto, Geoffrey Silvester of Brandon, Manitoba, to Emmy Rose Stokes.
GIBSON—McINTOSH—On June 18, at Toronto, John Gray Gibson to Clare Devine McIntosh of San Francisco, Cal.
LAWRENCE—MARTIN—On June 11, at Toronto, Wm. J. Lawrence to Minnie Martin.
WHITFIELD—HATCH—On June 18, at Whitby T. G. Whitfield to Emma L. Hatch.
FRASER—REID—On June 18, at Toronto, Andrew George Wood Fraser to Annie Bruce Reid.

Deaths.

BEATTY—On June 14, at Toronto, Samuel Beatty, aged 78 years.
DONALDSON—At Toronto, Mrs. Catharine Donaldson.
DAW—On June 15, at Toronto, Rosie Daw.
THOMSON—On June 13, at Acton West, Mrs. John Thomson, aged 60 years.
GALBRAITH—On June 10, at Mason, Ill, Mrs. George J. Galbraith, aged 21 years.
GLASS—On June 15, at Woodstock, Mrs. A. G. Glass.
HASTINGS—On June 14, at Toronto, John Hastings, aged 81 years.
MACDONALD—On June 15, at Toronto, Chas. Macdonald, aged 53 years.
DAVIS—On June 16, at Ottawa, William Davis, aged 70 years.
BROWNLEY—On June 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Harry Brownley, aged 27 years.
LALLY—On June 17, at Barrie, Edmund S. Lally, aged 88 years.
ROBINSON—On June 18, at Toronto, Geo. T. Robinson, aged 30 years.
COOKE—On June 18, at Toronto, Robert Cooke, aged 57 years.
GLADSTONE—On June 18, at Toronto, Thomas Gladstone, aged 66 years.

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

Thomson & Dunstan

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

Mail Building, Bay Street

TELEPHONE 1,327

EAST TORONTO BRANCH—796 Queen Street East. E. MACRAE, Manager.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION BRANCH—59 Dundas St. A. MEREDITH, Manager.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby.

WE GUARANTEE PERFECTION.

The Singer Manufacturing Company No. 66 King St. West Toronto

Agencies Everywhere

ALLAN FURNITURE CO. 5 KING EAST TORONTO

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES
LADIES' SECRETARIES
DINING-ROOM SETS
PARLOR CABINETS
CHIFFONIERS
TWISTED TABLES
FANCY CHAIRS, &c.

FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.

Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

436 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton St.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto

OAK HALL

Our Assortment of Boys' Suits and Little Overcoats for the Spring Trade is now complete, and styles of any previous season and for lowness of price there is no comparison.

OAK HALL, 115 to 121 King St. East, Toronto

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

DOMINION DAY

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Will sell return tickets between all stations at

SINGLE FARE

ON

June 29, 30 and July 1

Good to return until July 2.

FARE AND A THIRD

June 28, 29, 30 and July 1

Good to return until July 3.

Have you seen those elegant and beautiful little Boys' Suits at the Palace Clothing House? If you have not do not miss the sight, for in our Boys' Clothing Department you will find the choicest styles and patterns to be seen in this country, and you will be very hard to please if you are unable to make a selection from our large and varied stock.

P. JAMIESON, cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., Toronto

Mantles, Millinery

JERSEY JACKETS, BLACK AND DRAB

New stock of those fashionable jackets, some bound, some not bound. Applique Braided Jackets for $9, same as the $11 lot of a few weeks ago. ravelling Ulsters in every size from $5 up.

Choice Millinery

Pattern Bonnets

New York and Paris Novelties—Every New Fashion. Trimmed Hats and Bonnets from Paris and New York. Special line of Children's Trimmed Straws from $2.50 up.

R. Walker & Sons

KING STREET EAST

DOMINION PIANO

1ST IN TONE
IN TOUCH
IN SWEETNESS
IN DURABILITY

SOLE AGENCY TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

J. S. POWLEY & CO.

68 KING ST. WEST.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch Finness and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO